[illegible] in the 2d Ed. of Mrs Rowes Poems [illegible]

At the conclusion of Prior's Preface to his "Poems on several occasions," printed in 12mo by Tonson 1709, he makes the following acknowledgment.

"I must likewise own myself obliged to Mrs Singer, who has given me leave to print a Pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it [Love & Friendship - a dialogue between Amaryllis & Sylvia] I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, & the fineness of her genius conspire to give her a very distinguishing character."

Her biographer observes

"'Tis said the famous Mr Prior would have been glad to share the pleasures & cares of life with her; so that, allowing for the double license of the Poet & Lover in the manner of expression, concluding lines in his answer to the Pastoral Love & Friendship - were not without all foundation in truth. She was the nameless Lady to whom the following copy of verses in the same author is inscribed."

1163.E55

M. V.ᵈᵉ Gucht Scul:

PHILOMELA:

OR,

POEMS

BY

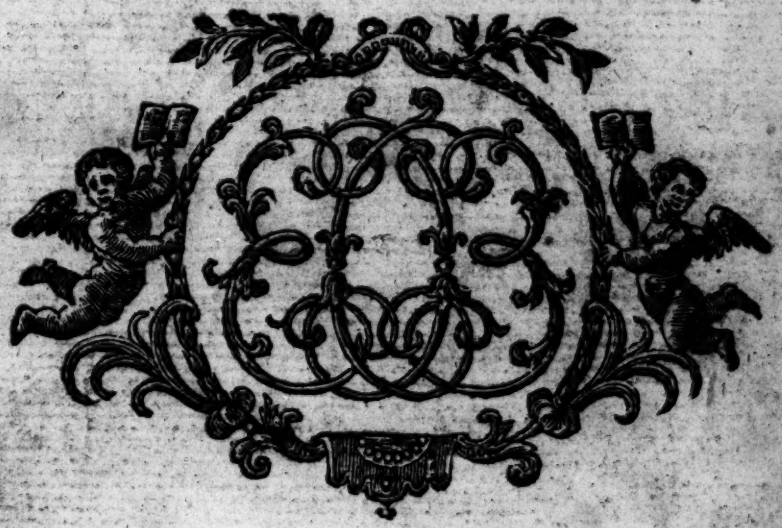
Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER,

[Now ROWE,]

Of *Frome* in *Somerſetſhire.*

Let OTHERS *various Pleaſures* chuſe,
But I to ALL prefer the *MUSE.*

THE SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:
Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's*-Head, in *Roſe-Street, Covent-Garden.*
M DCC XXXVII.

Price 3 *s.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mr. *POPE.*

YOU have very juſtly, SIR, obſerved, That, *there are not a* greater *Number of any Sort of* VERSES *than of Thoſe which are called* PASTORALS; *nor a* ſmaller, *than of thoſe which are truly ſo.*

But Mr. PRIOR having given it, as his Opinion, of a LADY now living, that *the*

Softneſs of her Sex, and the Fineneſs of her Genius have conſpired to give her a very *diſtinguiſhing Character in this kind of Writing*; you will not, I flatter myſelf, be diſpleaſed that I lay before you ſome of her Compoſitions; eſpecially, as ſhe is bleſt with the two Siſter-Arts, held by you in the higheſt Eſteem, POETRY and PAINTING; for with you it is that ſhe cries out in VIRGIL's pleaſing Rapture,

Dulces ante omnia Muſæ!

You cannot, I am ſure, *Sir*, be a Stranger to the Character of this *Lady*, an Account of whoſe *Poetical Life*, I will faithfully recite.

As the Year 1688, brought about that *Happy Revolution*, the Bleſſings of which, and of your Birth, we now enjoy; it likewiſe occaſioned the Eſtabliſhment

bliſhment of a Set of the fineſt *Genii* of that Age, who formed themſelves into a Body under the Denomination of *The Athenian* SOCIETY. Among their *numerous* Correſpondents, this Lady was *One*, under the Name of PHILOMELA. Several of her Productions were publiſhed by theſe our *Engliſh-Athenians*, as of The FAIR *unknown*, and upon one of her earlieſt Pieces, they thus addreſſed her,

O! Virgin! touch thy Lyre,
What Fiend ſo Stubborn to refuſe
The ſoft, yet pow'rful Charms of thy celeſtial Muſe?
What gentle Thoughts will they inſpire!
How will thy Voice, how will thy Hand,
Black Rebel Legions to the Deep command *.

In the Year 1696, the ſcattered Compoſitions of this Lady were collected into a ſmall Volume, and publiſhed by a

* *See* The ATHENIAN-MERCURY.

Female-Friend, under this Title, *POEMS on ſeveral Occaſions.* By *PHILOMELA.* In the Preface to which, the carping *Critics* of that Age were with ſome Spirit rallied, *viz.*

To the READER.

THE Occaſion of this *Preface*, is to give the World ſome Account of the *Author* of theſe POEMS, as far as I am permitted to do it: An Employment I the more willingly chuſe, becauſe *our Sex* has ſome Excuſe for a little *Vanity*, when they have ſo good *Reaſon* for it, and ſuch a *Champion* among themſelves, as not many of the *other* can boaſt.

We are not unwilling to allow Mankind the *Brutal-Advantages* of *Strength*, they are Superior to ours in *Force*, they have *Cuſtom* on their Side, and *have Ruled*, and are like to do ſo; and may freely do it without *Diſturbance* or *Envy*; at leaſt they ſhould have none from us, if they could keep *quiet* among *themſelves*. But when they would Monopolize *Senſe* too, when

when neither *that*, nor *Learning*, nor ſo much as *Wit* muſt be allowed us, but all *over-ruled* by the *Tyranny* of the *Prouder Sex*; nay, when ſome of them will not let us ſay *our Souls are our own*, but would perſuade us we are no more *Reaſonable Creatures* than themſelves, or their *Fellow-Animals*; we then muſt ask their Pardons if we are not yet ſo *Compleatly Paſſive* as to bear *all* without ſo much as a *Murmur*: We complain, and we think with Reaſon, that our Fundamental Conſtitutions are deſtroyed; that here is a plain and an open Deſign to render us mere *Slaves*, perfect *Turkiſh Wives*, without *Properties*, or *Senſe*, or *Souls*; and are forced to *Proteſt* againſt it, and Appeal to all the World, whether theſe are not *notorious* Violations on the *Liberties of Freeborn Engliſh-Women*? This makes the *meekeſt Worm* amongſt us all, ready to turn *again* when we are thus *trampled* on; But alas! What can we do to *Right* ourſelves? *Stingleſs* and *Harmleſs* as we are, we can only *Kiſs* the *Foot* that *hurts* us. However, ſometimes it pleaſes Heaven to raiſe up ſome *Brighter Genius* than ordinary to Succour a Diſtreſſed People; an EPAMINONDAS in *Thebes*; a TIMOLEON for *Corinth*; (for you muſt

know we read PLUTARCH, now he is tranſlated) and a NASSAU for *all the World*: Nor is our *Defenceleſs Sex* forgotten! we have not only BONDUCAS and ZENOBIAS; but SAPHOS and DACIERS; SCHURMANS, ORINDAS, and BEHNS, who have humbled the moſt haughty of our Antagoniſts, and made them do Homage to our *Wit*, as well as to our *Beauty*. It is true, their miſchievous and envious *Sex* have made it their utmoſt Endeavours to deal with us, as HANNIBAL was ſerved at *Capua*, and to *Corrupt* that *Virtue* which they can no otherwiſe *overcome*; and ſometimes they prevailed: But, if *ſome* ANGELS *fell*, others remained in their *Innocence* and *Perfection*, if there were not alſo ſome *Addition* made to their *Happineſs* and *Glory*, by their continuing ſtedfaſt. ANGELS *Love*; but they love *Virtuouſly*, and *Reaſonably*, and neither err in the *Object*, nor the *Manner*: And if all our *Poeteſſes* had done the ſame, I wonder what our *Enemies* could have found out to have objected againſt us: However, here they are *Silenced*; and I dare be bold to ſay, that whoever does not come extreamly prejudiced to theſe *Poems*, will find in them that *Vivacity* of Thought, that *Purity* of Language, that *Softneſs* and *Delicacy* in the

Love-Part, that *Strength* and *Majeſty* of Numbers almoſt every where, eſpecially on *Heroical* Subjects, and that clear and unaffected *Love* to *Virtue*; that Heighth of *Piety* and Warmth of *Devotion* in the CANTICLES, and other *Religious Pieces*, which they will hardly find exceeded in the beſt *Authors* on thoſe different Kinds of Writing, much leſs equalled by any ſingle Writer.

And now I have nothing more, I think, lies upon my Hands, but to aſſure the *Reader*, that they were actually Writ by a *young Lady*, (all, but ſome of the Anſwers, as is well known to many Perſons of Quality and Worth) whoſe NAME had been prefixed, had not her own *Modeſty* abſolutely forbidden it.

The Way of *Thinking* and *Writing* is all along the ſame, only varying with the Subject; and the Whole a *Mixture*, ſo very *agreeable*, that unleſs PHILARET and *my* SELF, who have the Honour to be her *Friends*, and who perſuaded her to Publiſh this *Specimen*, are very partial, it is more than probable, they will meet with ſo favourable a Reception with the Pious and Ingenious *Reader*, that

we

we may ere long prevail with her to oblige the *World* with ſome *Others*, no Way inferior to theſe.

Harding's-Rents,
May 10*th*, 1696.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

VERSES to the AUTHOR,

Known only by REPORT, and by Her POEMS.

NO—'tis in vain—attempt not to perſuade!
They were not, cou'd not be by Woman made:

Each Thought ſo ſtrong, ſo finiſh'd every Line,
All o'er we ſee ſo rich a Genius ſhine;
O more than Man, we cry, O Workmanſhip Divine!

Courtly thy ſtile as WALLER's! clear, and neat,
Not COWLEY's Senſe more beautiful, or great:
Num'rous the Verſe, as DRYDEN's flowing Strain,
Smooth as the *Thames*, yet Copious as the *Main*.

But

But when the Author *Royal* MARY mourns,
Or in ſoft Fires for gay ORESTES burns,
Again, our Sex's Pride is undeceiv'd:
A Soul ſo ſoft in Man yet never liv'd.
In vain, alas! in vain our Fate we ſhun;
We Read, and Sigh, and Love, and are Undone:
Circean Charms, and Female Arts we prove,
Tranſported all to ſome new World of Love.
Now our Ears tingle, and each thick-drawn Breath
Comes hard, as in the Agonies of Death:
Back to the panting Heart the purple Rivers flow,
Our ſwimming Eyes to ſee, our Feet unlearn to go:
In ev'ry trembling Nerve, a ſhort-liv'd Palſy reigns,
Strange Fevers boil our Blood, yet ſhudder thro' our Veins.
Tyrannous Charmer hold! our Senſe, our Souls reſtore!
Monopolize not Love, nor make the World adore!
Can heav'nly Minds be Angry! can ſhe frown?
What Thunders has one eager Thought pull'd down?

DIANA thus by the bold Hunter found,
Inſtead of Darts, ſhot angry Bluſhes round.
O Goddeſs ſpare——all white as *Cypria's Dove*
Is thy untarniſh'd Soul, and Loves as Angels Love;
Honour and Virtue each wild Wiſh repell,
And doubly ſink 'em to their native Hell.
Saints may by Thee, their holieſt Thoughts refine,
And Veſtal Virgins dreſs their Souls by Thine.
Sure none but Thee ſuch Paſſion can reſtrain;
None ever lov'd like Thee, and lov'd in vain.
What Age can equal, what Hiſtorian find
Such Tenderneſs, with ſo much Duty join'd?
SAPHO and BEHN reform'd, in Thee revive,
In Thee we ſee the chaſte ORINDA live.
Thy Works expreſs thy Soul, we read Thee there,
Not thine own Pencil draws more like, or fair.
As Flowers ſteal unobſerv'd from Nature's Bed,
And ſilent Sweets around profuſely ſhed,

So You in ſecret Shades unknown, unſeen
Commence at once a Muſe, and Heroine.
Yet You're in vain Unknown, in vain wou'd ſhroud
That Sun, which ſhines too Bright t'endure a Cloud.
Prepare then for that Fame which You deſpiſe!
But when You're ſeen, ſtill hide, O hide your Eyes!
Love Virtue, and adorn it! ſtill let's ſee
Such Wit and Beauty join'd with Piety.
Let Heav'n and Heav'n's Vicegerent always ſhare
Your nobleſt Thoughts, and your moſt duteous Care.
NASSAU's a Name, you're fated to Record,
No Pen but Yours can match the Hero's Sword.
If You ASSOCIATE too, You'll guard Him more
Than all the loyal Myriads gone before.
Let harden'd Traitors know what 'tis t' abuſe
The Patience of a King, and of thy Muſe.
Let 'em no more a Monarch's Juſtice dare,
Draw on his Side, at once, and END THE WAR!
Theſe juſt, tho' poor Acknowledgments I ſend,
From diſtant Shades, to Heav'ns and CÆSAR's Friend.

Thoſe but debaſe, who weakly ſtrive to raiſe,
You'll ne'er grow vain with [GWINNETT's *] humble Praiſe.

SUCH, Sir, were *PHILOMELA*'s Advocates on her firſt Appearance, and ſhe has ſince adorned ſeveral of our beſt *Miſcellanies* with her elegant Productions. The ingenious Dr. ISAAC WATTS, declares of *PHILOMELA*, that ‡ *the Honour of POETRY is retrieved, by ſuch Writers, from the Scandal which has been caſt upon it, by the Abuſe of Verſe to looſe and profane Purpoſes.* She, herſelf, is pleaſed to call theſe her *early Eſſays*, and charges *them* with *Vanity* and *Impertinence* †.

* RICHARD GWINNETT, *Eſq;* of *Great-Shurdington* in *Glouceſterſhire.* This moſt ingenious Gentleman, for above ſixteen Years, held a Literary Correſpondence, with Mrs. *Elizabeth Thomas*, of *Great-Ruſſel-Street, Bloomsbury*, now Printed under the following Title, *viz. The Lives, Amours, and Writings of* PYLADES *and* CORINNA. Printed for E. CURLL, 2 Vols. 8*vo.* Price 10*s.*

‡ *See* Reliquiæ Juveniles. *Pref.*

† *In a* Letter *to Mr.* CURLL, *this Summer.*

But

But you are ſenſible, SIR, that both in *Poetry* and *Painting*, the *Sprightlineſs* of *Sixteen*, will always captivate more than the *Sedateneſs* of *Sixty*.

YOU cannot but be ſenſible, SIR, that *PHILOMELA*, who has made you a Preſent of your Picture of her own Painting, is Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER, of *Frome* in *Somerſetſhire*.

THIS Lady was the eldeſt Daughter of Mr. WALTER SINGER of *Agford* in that County, Gent.

IN her preſent Retirement, ſhe ſeems wholly devoted to ſpend the Reſidue of her Days in a moſt affectionate Condolance for the Loſs of one of the beſt of Husbands, of whom we muſt now ſpeak.

LONG had this Lady been the Wiſh and Hope of many deſiring Swains; and

and withſtood many advantageous Offers. But at length Heaven bleſſed her with a Mate, a moſt amiable Youth, whoſe Endowments were in all Reſpects ſuited to her own.

THIS happy Bridegroom, made ſo by ſuch a Bride, was Mr. THOMAS ROWE, Gent. Son of Mr. BENONI ROWE, an Independent Miniſter.

THEIR Nuptials were celebrated in the Year 1711; She was left a Widow in 1716, and the Loſs of her Husband was ſucceeded by that of her Father in 1720.

PRIOR and WATTS have PHILOMELA ſung,
And all *Three* Bards for THEE their Harps have ſtrung;
It only now remains that THOU for *Them*,
Should'ſt touch thy tuneful Lyre, and cloſe the Theme.

YOU find, Sir, by *PHILOMELA*'s *Editoreſs*, that, the *Collection* now laid before you, is only her *Firſt-Fruits* and that others of more *Maturity* might be expected from her *Prolific-Pen*. They are faithfully Re-printed from the Copy publiſhed in 1696, except a little *Reformation* in the *Numbers* of ſome of them, and the *Addition* of a few *later* Compoſitions ſubſtituted in the Room of *others*, which the Writer's *Friends* were deſirous of having omitted, as ſavouring of *Party-Reflection* and the *Heat* of *Youth*, ſince *cooled* by a ſtricter *Judgment*, as you have, yourſelf, experienced.

Beſide what is here offered, there ſtill remain in the *fifth* and *ſixth* Parts of TONSON's *Miſcellanies*, Mrs. SINGER's *Select Tranſlations from TASSO*, with ſeveral ſmall Pieces yet uncollected. Her *Epiſtles* in *Verſe*, ſome of which, firſt appeared in *Miſcellanies*, ſhe has,

herſelf, interſperſed with her *Proſe-Letters Moral and Entertaining*. And if this Attempt, to bring together the *Poetical Works* of this LADY, meets with an Encouragement ſuitable to its Merit, they ſhall be compleated in another Volume.

Her laſt Production, from the Preſs, of which ſhe has made you a Preſent, is *The* HISTORY *of* JOSEPH. *A* POEM. *In Eight Books.*

HAVING thus, SIR, according to my Promiſe, made you a *Recital* of this LADY's *Poetical Works*, the whole is ſubmitted to your *candid Cenſure*, by

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

E. CURLL.

ON

REPRINTING

Philomela's POEMS,

Forty Years after their first Publication.

IMpartial old Time with his Scythe has cut down,
With the Dregs of the People, both Crosier and Crown;
Nor has Poetry 'scap'd! PHILOMELA long Dead,
Now re-warbles her Throat, again lifts up her Head;
Of her beautiful Numbers, attend to the Flow,
In the Woods the delightfullest SINGER is ROWE.

TO

Mr. R*****

Frome, 30 *Aug.* 1736.

SIR,

I AM infinitely obliged to you for your Concern for my Character. Aſſure Mr. CURLL, that, in Printing my POEMS, no Body will diſpute his Right, or give him any Oppoſition. I only deſire him to own, that it's his Partiality to my Writings, not my Vanity, which has occaſioned the Re-publiſhing of them. Aſſure him likewiſe, that the late Mr. *Gwinnett* has but one POEM in the Book, and that I never had any Correſpondence with that Gentleman.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

ELIZ. ROWE.

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POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A
PARAPHRASE
ON THE
CANTICLES.

CHAP. I.

WILT thou deny the Bounty of a Kiſs,
And ſee me languiſh for the melting Bliſs?
More ſweet to me than bright delicious Wine,
Preſs'd from the Purple Cluſters of the Vine:
As fragrant too as Ointments poured forth,
Are the loud Echoes of thy matchleſs Worth;

Which makes the Virgins, kindled by thy Fame,
Wiſh to expire in the Celeſtial Flame:
Come then, diſplay thy lovely Face, and we,
Drawn by reſiſtleſs Charms, will follow thee;
Into thy Royal Chambers brought, where I,
May ſee my Lord, and fear no Witneſs by.

I'm black, 'tis true, for ſcorching in the Sun;
I kept another's Vine, and left my own;
But tho' thus clouded, the reflecting Face
Of my bright Love ſhall all this Blackneſs chace.

Say then, my Dear, much dearer than my Soul;
Where feed thy Milky Flocks? Unto what cool
Refreſhing Shade doſt thou reſort? leſt I
Should (as I languiſh) in thy Abſence die:
Say, Lovely Shepherd, ſay, What happy Streams
Are gilded now with thy Illuſtrious Beams?

II.

I'll tell thee, Faireſt of all Women, how,
Thou may'ſt my moſt frequented Paſtures know:

Follow

Follow the Footſteps of my Flocks, and there
I will not fail to meet my Charming Fair.
Whom I, as Miſtreſs of my Flocks will grace,
And on her Brows immortal Garlands place.

III.

The while my Spicknard ſhall aſcend, and greet
My Charmer with its Tributary Sweet:
Then, all the Night, upon my panting Breaſt,
As fragrant Myrrh, let my Beloved reſt.
So ſweet he is, that Myrrh, nor Cypreſs e'er
With ſuch delicious Breathings fill'd the Air.
When thy Two lovely Eyes inflame my Heart,
It leaps for Joy, and meets th' unerring Dart.

IV.

O! thou more fair, more vaſtly bright, than all
The World did ever Bright, or Glorious call:
My verdant Love ſtill flouriſhing, to thee
Shall fixt, as our Eternal Manſions be.

CHAP. II

AT thy Approach, my Cheek with Bluſhes glows,
And conſcious Warmth, which with Thee comes and goes;
Like the pale Lily join'd to *Sharon*'s-Roſe;
And Thorns to them I ſooner would compare,
Than other Beauties to my Darling Fair.

II.

And I as ſoon would rank a fruitful Tree
With barren Shrubs, as Mortal Clods with thee.
Beneath thy Shade, bleſt, to my Wiſh, I ſat,
And of thy Royal Banquet freely eat;
Whilſt o'er my Head a Banner was diſplay'd:
In which, O! melting Sight! the God of Love did bleed.
Exceſs of Pleaſure will my Soul deſtroy;
I'm e'en oppreſs'd with the Tyrannic Joy:

O!

O! therefore turn thy lovely Eyes away;
(Yet do not, for I die, unleſs they ſtay.)
I faint, I faint; alas! no Mortal yet,
With Eyes undazzled half this Splendor met:
But ſure I cannot ſink, upheld by Thee;
So would I reſt unto Eternity.
And now I charge you, Virgins, not to make
The leaſt Diſturbance, till my Love awake.

III.

What Charming Voice is that ſalutes my Ear?
It muſt be my Beloved's; he is near:
He is, and yet unfriendly ſtays without:
He ſtays, as if he did a Welcome doubt.
But hark, methinks I hear him ſoftly ſay;
Ariſe, my Fair, ariſe, and come away!
For lo the ſtormy Winter's paſt and gone;
And Summer, dreſs'd in all her Pride, comes on:
The warbling Birds in airy Raptures ſing
Their glad Pindarics to the welcome Spring:

The Fig-Trees ſprout, the chearful Vines look gay;
Ariſe, my lovely Fair, —One, come away!
Come forth, my Dove, my Charming Innocence;
How canſt thou fear, while I am thy Defence?

IV.

Do thou the ſpiteful Foxes then deſtroy,
That would my young aſpiring Vines annoy.
Not for the World would I exchange my Bliſs,
While my Beloved's Mine, and I am His:
And till the Break of that Eternal Day,
Whoſe Riſing Sun ſhall chace the Shades away;
Turn, my Beloved, turn again; and thy
Dear Sight ſhall make the lazy Moments fly.

CHAP. III.

'TWas in the Deadneſs of a Gloomy Night,
My Love, more pleaſant than the wiſh'd-for Light,
O'er all my Bed I vainly ſought; for there
My Arms could graſp no more than empty Air.
Griev'd with my Loſs, thro' all the Streets I rove,
And ev'ry Ear with ſoft Complaints I move:
Then to the Watch, impatient, thus I cry;
Tell me, O tell! Did not my Love paſs by?
When lo, a Glimpſe of my approaching Lord,
A Heaven of Joy did to my Soul afford:
So the dark Souls, confin'd to endleſs Night,
Would ſmile, and welcome-in, a Beam of Light.
I claſp'd him, juſt as meeting Lovers wou'd,
Who had the Stings of Abſence underſtood:
I held him faſt, and cent'ring in his Breaſt,
My raviſh'd Soul found her deſired Reſt.

Him to my Mother's Houſe I did convey;
Humble it was, and yet he deign'd to ſtay.
And now I charge you, Virgins, not to make
The leaſt Diſturbance, till my Love awake.

BRIDEGROOM.

Glorious as *Titan*, from the Eaſtern Seas,
A Beauty comes from yon dark Wilderneſs;
So Sacred Incenſe proudly riſes up
In cloudy Pillars of perfumed Smoke:
Compounded Spices of the greateſt Coſt
Could ne'er ſuch Aromatic Sweetneſs boaſt.

BRIDE.

The Shining Courts of Princely *Solomon*
Were nobly crouded with a Warlike Train;
All arm'd compleatly, all expert in Fight,
To guard him from the Terrors of the Night.
A Chariot Royal to himſelf he had;
Its Pillars of refined Silver made:
The Seats of Gold, fair Purple Clouds above;
And, all the Bottom, ſoftly pav'd with Love.

But

But lo, a Prince, than *Solomon* more great;
On whom vaſt Troops of ſhining Angels wait:
His Crown more bright, and fix'd, than that which ſhone
Upon the Nuptial Brows of *Solomon.*

CHAP. IV.

BRIDEGROOM.

THO' all the lower World ſhould ranſack'd be,
There could be found no Parallel for Thee:
Thy Eyes like Doves, thy fair intangling Locks,
Curled, and ſoft as *Gilead*'s Milky Flocks:
Like them thy Pearly Teeth appear, for ſo
Unſully'd from the Cryſtal Streams they go.
But O! To what may I thy Lips compare?
Since fragrant Roſes bloom not half ſo fair.
The Morning ne'er with ſuch a Crimſon bluſh'd,
When from the Arms of ſooty Night ſhe ruſh'd.
The ripe Pomgranate's Scarlets are but faint,
To thoſe freſh Beauties which thy Cheeks do paint.

Thy

Thy Neck and Breaſts, in Whiteneſs, do out-go
Ungather'd Lilies, or deſcending Snow.
And till the Dawn of that expected Day,
When all my radiant Glories I diſplay,
And chace at once, th' injurious Shades away:
I'll on the Hills of Frankincenſe reſide,
And paſs the Time with Thee, my Charming Bride;
My Love, in whom ſuch vaſt Perfections meet,
As render Thee tranſcendently compleat:
Then, come with me, from *Lebanon*, my Spouſe,
O come, and look beyond this Scene of Woes:
Thou may'ſt, and yet it is but darkly, ſee
The bright Abodes I have prepar'd for Thee.
So ſweet ſhe looks, that in bleſt Tranſports I,
Meet the believing Glances of her Eye;
My All on Earth, my Siſter, and my Spouſe;
Whom from a vaſt Eternity I choſe:
Not Golden Goblets, crown'd with noble Wine,
E'er gave ſuch elevating Joys as Thine;

Such, as the ſoft Expreſſions of thy Love;
So much thoſe Dear, thoſe charming Accents move.
My Love is like a flowry Manſion wall'd,
Or ſome reſerved Cryſtal-Fountain ſeal'd;
Whoſe Waves, untouch'd, thro' ſecret Channels ſlide,
Untainted, as the Silver Streams, that glide
From Heaven, aſſaulting *Lebanon*; and fair,
As beauteous *Eden*'s gilded Currents were.

BRIDE.

Were I a Garden, ev'ry Flow'r in me
Should proudly yield their conſcious Sweets to thee;
The ruddy Fruit ſhould thy Arrival greet,
And ſmile, and gently bend, thy Lips to meet.

BRIDEGROOM.

So ſtrongly thy kind Invitations move,
I will my Garden ſee, my Garden, and my Love;
Not *Hybla*'s Hives ſuch precious Sweets can yield,
Nor Cluſters brought from rich *Engeddy*'s Field,
Which, to my Lips, I'll raiſe with eager Haſte,
My Lips, that long'd the Heav'nly Fruit to taſte.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE Night her blackeſt Veſtments had put on,
And all the fair Remains of Day were gone;
When my dear Lord, as he had oft before,
With Speed, and Love, approach'd the bolted Door:
Ariſe, my Love, he cries, and with a Voice,
Divinely charming, pleads his Entrance thus;
My Spouſe, my Siſter, and my faireſt Love,
(Believing, ſure, that Dialect would move;)
Ariſe, for laden with the Midnight Dew,
Diſorder'd, all my ſtreaming Treſſes flew:
I knew the Voice, the moving Eloquence;
But ah! deluded by my drowſy Senſe;
Careleſs, and ſoft, upon a moſſy Bed,
I lean'd ſupine, with Od'rous Roſes ſpread;
And long, with weak Excuſes, did delay,
Amazing him at my unwonted Stay.

Mov'd

Mov'd with his Patience, my relenting Breaſt,
Forgetting now to ſay, I am undreſs'd,
Unto the Door, at length, I ruſh'd in ſpite
Of Darkneſs, and the Terrors of the Night;
With Rage, to break the guilty Bars I try'd,
Which Entrance to my Lord ſo long deny'd:
But found the dear reſenting Charmer fled,
I curs'd my Sloth, and curs'd my conſcious Bed.
Yet then ſuch fragrant Sweetneſs fill'd the Air
From his dear Hands, I thought he'ad ſtill been there.
I call'd aloud, ſtill hoping he was near,
And louder ſtill, but Ah! he would not hear.
Then thro' the Streets, diſtracted with my Grief,
I wildly roving, begg'd of All, Relief.
At laſt I met th' ungentle Watch, and they
Deride my Tears, and force my Veil away.
Ye tender Virgins! you that know the Pain
A Breaſt ſo ſoft as mine muſt needs ſuſtain,
Robb'd of the once kind Partner of my Fires,
And ſtill dear Object of my rack'd Deſires;

I charge

I charge you, if you meet my abſent Love,
With all the Rhet'ric of our Sex to move
His deafned Ears; and tell him, with a Sigh,
Deep as my Wounds, ah tell him how I die.
Perhaps that Tragic Word may force the dear
Relentleſs Author of my Grief to hear.

DAUGHTERS *of* JERUSALEM.

What thy Beloved is, we firſt would know,
Faireſt of Women! thou doſt charge us ſo.
What Charms unequall'd in him doſt thou ſee,
Impatient Fair! to raiſe theſe Storms in thee?

BRIDE.

Commencing all Perfection, he is ſuch
Your moſt exalted Thoughts can hardly touch,
Unſully'd Heaps of Snow are not ſo white,
He's fairer than condenſed Beams of Light.
His Roſy Cheeks of ſuch a lucent Dye,
As *Sol* ne'er gilded on the Morning Sky.
His Head like poliſh'd Gold, his graceful Hair,
Dark as the Plumes that jetty Ravens wear.

His

His Eyes, the endleſs Magazines of Love,
How ſoft! how ſweet! how pow'rfully they move!
He breathes more Sweetneſs than the Infant Morn,
When Heav'nly Dews the flowry Plains adorn,
The fragrant Drops of rich *Arabian* Gums,
Burnt on the Altar, yield not ſuch Perfumes.
His Hands, ſurpaſſing Lilies, grac'd with Gems,
Fit to inrich Celeſtial Diadems.
His Breaſt ſmooth Ivory, enamel'd all
With Veins, which Saphirs 'twere unjuſt to call,
Divine his Steps, with his Majeſtic Air,
Not e'en the lofty Cedars can compare.
So ſweet his Voice, the liſt'ning Angels throng
With ſilent Harps to his melodious Tongue,
He's altogether Lovely, ——This is He,
Now, Virgins Pity! tho' you envy Me.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

VIRGINS.

BUT where, ah where, can this bright Wonder be!
For, till we ſee Him, we are all on Fire;
We'll find Him out, or in the Search expire.

BRIDE.

If my Prophetic Hopes can rightly gueſs,
The lovely Wand'rer in his GARDEN is,
Among the Lilies, and the Spices; He
Is now perhaps kindly expecting Me;
Oh 'tis a Heaven of Joy to think him Mine.

BRIDEGROOM.

And who can ſee thoſe Eyes, and not be Thine?
Thy Face, where all the conqu'ring Graces meet;
Where Majeſty doth Virgin-Softneſs greet:
Ah turn away thoſe fair approachleſs Eyes;
I Love, but cannot bear the kind Surprize.

Hide,

Hide, hide th' intangling Glories of thy Hair;
More bright than Streams of fluid Silver are:
Expoſe no more thy pearly Teeth, the while
Thoſe roſy Cheeks put on kind Looks, and ſmile:
Such genuine Charms, how ſtrongly they allure
My Soul, and all their Rival's Beams obſcure.
They're numberleſs, my Spouſe, my darling Fair;
But one, the Choice, and all her Mother bare:
The Royal Beauties ſaw, and bleſs'd the Sight;
And ſetting, wonder'd at a Star ſo bright.
Who is't, they ſay, Fair as the breaking Morn,
When ruddy Beams the baſhful Skies adorn?
Clear as the Lamp that gilds the ſable Night;
Daz'ling as *Sol*'s unſufferable Light:
Gentle, but aweful, as a Scene of War;
At once her Graces conquer and endear.
And could'ſt thou think, my Love, I e'er deſign'd
To leave a Spouſe ſo beautiful and kind?
I went but down into the Almond-Grove,
A lone Receſs, indulgent to my Love;

Thence rang'd the pleaſant Vale, whoſe ſpreading Vine
May quit my Care, perhaps, with bounteous Wine:
Where the Pomgranets blooming Fruits diſplay
More Sanguine-Colours than the Wings of Day:
Or ere I was aware, my happy Eyes
Meet Thee, a juſter Object of Surprize;
Fair as a Viſion breaking from the Skies:
Scarce could my Breaſt my leaping Heart retain,
Scarce could my Soul th' unweildy Joy ſuſtain,
When I beheld thoſe welcome Eyes again.
But why that Diſcontent upon thy Brow?
Thou wilt not leave me, cruel Beauty, now?
Injurious Charmer, ſtay—What needs this Art,
To try the Faith of a too-conſtant Heart:
Return again; let my Companions ſee
The ſweet Inſpirer of my Flames in Thee.
Return, my Dear, return and ſhew the moſt
Victorious Face, that e'er the World could boaſt.

On CANTICLES. Ch. V. VI. &c.

OH! How his pointed Language, like a Dart,
Sticks to the ſofteſt Fibres of my Heart;
Quite thro' my Soul the charming Accents ſlide,
Which from his Life-inſpiring Portals glide;
And whilſt I, the inchanting Sound admire,
My melting Vitals in a Trance expire.
O! Son of *Venus*, mourn thy baffled Arts,
For I defy the proudeſt of thy Darts:
Undaz'led now, I thy weak Taper view,
And find no fatal Influence accrue;
Nor would, fond Child, thy feebler Lamp appear,
Should my bright Sun deign to approach more near:
Canſt thou his Rival then pretend to prove?
Thou a falſe Idol, He the God of Love;
Lovely beyond Conception, he is all
Reaſon, or Fancy, amiable can call,

All that the moſt exerted Thoughts can reach,
When ſublimated to its utmoſt Stretch.
O! altogether charming, why in Thee
Do the vain World no Form or Beauty ſee?
Why do they idolize a duſty Clod,
And yet refuſe their Homage to a God?
Why from a beauteous flowing Fountain turn,
For the dead Puddle of a narrow Urn?
Oh Carnal Madneſs! ſure we falſly call
So dull a thing as *Man* is, Rational;
Alas, my ſhining Love, what can there be
On Earth ſo ſplendid to out-glitter Thee?
In whom the Brightneſs of a God-head ſhines,
With all its lovely and endearing Lines;
Thee with whoſe Sight Mortality once bleſt,
Would throw off its dark Veil to be poſſeſt;
Then, altogether Lovely, why in thee
Do the vain World no Form or Beauty ſee.

From CANTICLES, Ch. VII, XI.

I.

COME, thou moſt charming Object of my Love,
What's all this dull Society to us,
Let's to the peaceful Shades and Springs remove,
I'm here uneaſy, tho' I linger thus.

II.

What are the Trifles which I leave behind,
I've more than all the valu'd World in thee,
Where all my Joys, and Wiſhes are confin'd,
Thou'rt Day, and Life, and Heav'n itſelf to me.

III.

Come, my Beloved, let's away, nor fear,
To thoſe bleſt Seats where we'll our Flames improve,
With how much Heat ſhall I careſs Thee there,
And in ſweet Tranſports give up all my Love.

From JOB Ch. XIX. V. 26.

Though after my Skin, Worms deſtroy this Body, yet in my Fleſh ſhall I ſee God.

WHAT tho' my Soul, rent from the cloſe Embrace
Of this material Conſort, take its Flight,
(Exil'd the Confines of her Native Place)
And leave theſe Eyes clos'd in a diſmal Night:
She ſhall again reſume the dear Abode,
And, cloath'd in Fleſh, I ſhall behold my God.

II.

Tho' in the gloomy Regions of the Grave,
Forgotten, and inſenſible I lie;
That tedious Night ſhall a bright Morning have,
The welcome Dawnings of Eternity.

My

My Soul ſhall then reſume her old Abode,
And, cloath'd in Fleſh, I ſhall behold my God.

III.

Altho' reſolv'd unto my Native duſt,
Its proper Part, each Element refine;
Yet at my aweful Maker's Breath they muſt
The Individual Particles reſign:
My Soul again ſhall take her old Abode,
And, cloath'd in Fleſh, I ſhall behold my God.

Pindaric ODE *on* *HABAKKUK.*

I.

WHEN God from *Teman* came,
And cloath'd in Glory from Mount *Paran* ſhone,
Dreſs'd in th' unſufferable Flame
That hides his daz'ling Throne,

His Glory ſoon eclips'd the once-bright *Titan*'s Rays,
And fill'd the trembling Earth with Terror and Amaze.
Reſplendent Beams did crown his aweful Head,
And ſhining Brightneſs all round him ſpread;
Omnipotence he graſp'd in his ſtrong Hand,
And liſtning Death waited his dread Command;
Waiting 'till his reſiſtleſs Bolts he'd throw;
Devouring Coals beneath his Feet did glow:
All Nature's Frame did quake beneath his Feet,
And with his Hand he the vaſt Globe did mete;
The frightned Nations ſcattered,
And at his Sight the baſhful Mountains fled,
The everlaſting Hills their Founder's Voice obey,
And ſtoop their lofty Heads to make th' Eternal Way.
The diſtant *Ethiops* all Confuſion are,
And *Midian*'s trembling Curtains cannot hide their Fear:
When thy ſwift Chariots paſs'd the yielding Sea,
The bluſhing Waves back in Amazement flee,

Affrighted

Affrighted *Jordan* ſtops his flowing Urn,
And bids his forward Streams back to their Fountain turn.

II.

Arm'd with thy mighty Bow,
Thou marchedſt out againſt thy daring Foe:
And very terrible thou didſt appear
To them, but thus thy darling People cheer:
"Know, *Jacob*'s Sons, I am the God of Truth,
"Your Father *Jacob*'s God, nor can I break my Oath."
The Mountains ſhook as our dread Lord advanc'd,
And all the little Hills around 'em danc'd:
The neighb'ring Streams their verdant Banks o'erflow,
The waters ſaw and trembled at the Sight,
Back to their old Abyſs they go,
And bear the News to everlaſting Night:
The Mother Deep within the Cavern roars,
And beats the ſilent Shores.

The

The Sun above no longer dares to ſtrive,
Nor will his frighted Steeds their wonted Journey drive.
The Moon, to ſee her Brother ſtop his Car,
Grew pale, and curb'd her ſable Reins for Fear;
Thy threatning Arrows gild their flaming Way,
And at the Glittering of thy Spear the Heathen dare not ſtay;
The very Sight of thee did them ſubdue,
And arm'd with Fury Thou the Victʼry didſt purſue.
So now, great God, wrapt in avenging Thunder,
Meet Thine and NASSAUS' Foes, and tread them grov'ling under.

TO THE

Author of the foregoing ODE.

By the ATHENIANS*

I.

WE yield! we yield! the Palm, bright Maid! be thine!
How vaſt a Genius ſparkles in each Line!
How Noble all! how Loyal! how Divine!
Sure Thou by Heaven inſpir'd, art ſent
To make the King's and Nation's Foes repent,
To melt each ſtubborn Rebel down,
Or the Almighty's hov'ring Vengeance ſhow,
Arm'd with his glittering Spear and dreadful Bow,
And yet in a more dreadful Frown.

* The Society of Gentlemen who wrote the *Athenian* Mercury.

Ah

Ah would they hear ! ah would they try
Th' exhauſtleſs Mercy yet in Store,
From Earth's and Heaven's offended Majeſty,
Both calmly ask, Why will they die ?
Ah ! would they yet repent, and ſin no more !

II.

How bleſs'd, how happy we,
Could all we write one Convert make,
How gladly new Affronts could take
One Convert to dear Virtue, and dear Loyalty ?
Tho' the full Crop reſerv'd for Thee.
O ! Virgin ! touch thy Lyre :
What Fiend ſo ſtubborn to refuſe
The ſoft, yet pow'rful Charms of thy Celeſtial Muſe ?
What gentle Thoughts will they inſpire !
How will thy Voice, how will thy Hand,
Black Rebel-Legions to the Deep command !

Black

Black Rebel-Legions murm'ring take their Flight,
And ſink away to conſcious Shades of everlaſting
Night:
While thoſe they left, amazed ſtand,
And ſcarce believe themſelves, themſelves to find
Cloath'd, calm, and in a better Mind.

III.

Begin, begin, thy Noble Choice,
Great NASSAU claims thy Lyre, and claims thy Voice,
All like himſelf the Hero ſhew,
Which none but Thou canſt do.
At *Landen* paint him, Spears and Trophies round,
And Twenty thouſand Deaths upon the ſlipp'ry Ground:
Now, now the dreadful Shock's begun,
Fierce *Luxemburgh* comes thund'ring on:
They charge, retreat, return and fly,
Advance, retire, kill, conquer, die!
Tell me, ſome God, what Gods are thoſe
Inwrapt in Clouds of Smoke and Foes,

Who

Who oft the tott'ring Day reſtore?
'Tis *Naſſau* and *Bavaria*, ſay no more!
Naſſau —— that lov'd, that dreadful Name!
Bavaria! Rival of his Fame.
A Third comes cloſe behind, who ſhould he be?
'Tis *Ormonde!* mighty *Ormonde!* ſure 'tis he:
'Tis nobly Fought, they muſt prevail;
Ah no, our Sins weigh down the doubtful Scale.
Ah thankleſs *England*, they engag'd for thee,
Or never could have miſs'd the Victory:
With high Diſdain from the moiſt Field they go,
And dreadfully retreat, yet face the trembling Foe.

IV.

Thus ſing, bright Maid! thus and yet louder ſing,
Thy God, thy King!
Cheriſh that Noble Flame which warms thy Breaſt,
And be by future Worlds admir'd and bleſs'd:

The preſent Ages ſhort-liv'd Glories ſcorn,
And into wide Eternity be Born!
There chaſt *Orinda*'s Soul ſhall meet with Thine,
More Noble, more Divine;
And in the Heav'n of Poetry for ever ſhine:
There All the glorious few,
To Loyalty and Virtue true,
Like Her and You.

'Tis That, 'tis That alone muſt make you truly Great,
Not all your Beauty equal to your Wit,
(For ſure a Soul ſo fine
Would ne'er poſſeſs a Body leſs divine)
Not all Mortality ſo loudly boaſt,
Which withers ſoon and fades,
Can aught avail when hurry'd to the Coaſts,
Where wander wide lamenting Ghoſts,
And thin unbody'd Shades.
'Tis Virtue only with you goes,
And guards you thro' Ten thouſand Foes;

Hold faſt on That, 'twill ſoon direct your Flight
To endleſs Fame and endleſs Light;
If That you loſe, you ſink away,
And take eternal Leave of Day.
Then fly falſe Man, if you'd an Angel prove,
And conſecrate to Heav'n your Nobler Love.

From MICAH, Ch. VI. 5, 6, 7.

I.

WHerewith ſhall I approach this aweful Lord,
What ſhall I bring,
What Sacrifice
Will not ſo great a Deity deſpiſe;
Tell me, you lofty Spirits that fall down,
The neareſt to his Heavn'ly Throne,
O! tell me how,
Or how ſhall I before our dread Creator bow.

Will *Carmel*'s verdant Top afford,
No equal Offering,
Ten Thouſand Rams, a bounteous Offering 'tis,
When all the Flocks upon a thouſand ſpacious Hills are his;
Will Streams of fragrant Oil his Wrath controul;
Or the more precious Flood,
Of my dear firſt-born's Blood,
Compound for all my Debts, and make a full Atonement for my Soul.

II.

If not, great God, what then doſt thou require,
Or what wilt Thou daign to accept from me,
All, That my Own thou giv'ſt me Leave to call,
I willingly again reſign to Thee.
My Youth and all its blooming Heat,
My Muſe and every Raptur'd Thought, to Thee I Dedicate.

('Tis fit the Iſſues of that ſacred Fire,
Should to its own Celeſtial Orb retire)
And all my darling Vanities,
For thee, my God, I'll ſacrifice,
My fav'rite Luſt and all,
Among the reſt, promiſcuouſly ſhall fall;
No more that fond beloved Sin I'll ſpare,
Than the great Patriarch wou'd have done his Heir,*
And this, great God, altho' a worthleſs Prize,
Is a ſincere, intire, and early Sacrifice.

From MALACHI, Ch. III. V. 14.

IN vain ye murmur, we have ſerv'd the Lord,
As vainly liſtned to his flatt'ring Word,
He has forgot, or ſpeaks not as he meant;
Elſe why are we thus idly Penitent?

* *Abraham* and *Iſaac*.

Ye call the haughty bleſt, exalting thoſe
That dare my Judgments impiouſly oppoſe,
And own, nay, almoſt boaſt themſelves my Foes:
Whoſe Crimes would (were I not a God) command
The Scarlet Bolts from my unwilling Hand;
Then They who fear'd my Great and Aweful Name,
The only Few who dar'd oppoſe the Stream,
Unmov'd againſt the vulgar Torrent ſtood,
In ſpite of Numbers, reſolutely good,
Not taxing, with indecent Inſolence,
The dark *Enigmas* of my Providence:
But ſaw me ſtill Illuſtrious thro' the ſame,
And lov'd and ſpoke, ſpoke often of my Name.
As oft I cloſely liſtned, nor ſhall they
Paſs unrewarded at the laſt Great Day,
When all their pious Services I'll own,
For in my Records I ſhall find 'em down,
Their Brows I'll crown with Wreaths of Victory,
Whilſt Men and Angels ſtand Spectators by;

Aloud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,
And 'mongſt my brighteſt Treaſures they ſhall ſhine;
Their Frailty with more Tenderneſs, than ere
A Father did his only Son's, I'll ſpare,
And then, but ah! too late you'll find it then,
Who were the wiſe, the only thinking Men;
Then you ſhall nothing but Deriſion meet,
Whilſt Angels them with loud Applauſes greet.

PARAPHRASE

From JOHN, Ch. III. V. 16.

For God ſo loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, &c.

I.

YES, ſo God lov'd the World; But where
Are this great Love's Dimenſions?
Ev'n Angels ſtop; for baffled here
Are their vaſt Apprehenſions.

In vain they ſtrive to graſp the boundleſs Thing;
Not all their Comments can explain the mighty Truth
I ſing.

II.

Yet ſtill they pauſe on the Contents
Of this amazing Story;
How he that fill'd the wide Extents
Of Uncreated Glory;
He whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns cou'd not contain;
Shou'd yet within the Sacred Maid's contracted
Womb remain.

III.

They ſee him born, and hear him weep,
To aggravate their Wonder;
Whoſe aweful Voice had ſhook the Deep,
And breath'd his Will in Thunder:
That aweful Voice, chang'd to an Infant's Cry;
Whilſt in a feeble Woman's Arms he ſeem'd conſtrain'd
to lie.

IV.

A God (Ah ! where are Human Boaſts ?)
Extended in a Manger !
The Lord of all the Heav'nly Hoſt,
Expos'd to Scorn and Danger !
The On'ly Bleſt, the All-ſufficient weeps ;
But O ! who guides the ſtagg'ring World, while its
Protector ſleeps ?

V.

And canſt thou, Man, ungrateful prove,
When 'twas for thy Salvation,
He left thoſe ſplendid Seats Above,
His late bright Habitation,
Where all his Deity ſhone, without th' Allay
Of a Seraphic Vehicle, or deficated Clay.

VI.

Where He transcendently possess'd,
The Fullness of Perfection,
Tho' here benighted and oppress'd,
The Type of all Dejection.
He asks for Food, that gave the Ravens Bread,
And the Great Founder of the World wants where
to lay his Head.

VII.

But O! what dark Catastrophe
Does Hell at last conspire!
Behold! upon a curfed Tree
The Lord of Life expire!
From this, amaz'd, the Sun withdraws his Eye,
Afraid to see his Maker bleed, and the Eternal die.

VIII.

The Seraphims who throng'd about,
'Twixt Hope and Conſternation;
Now blaze the wond'rous News throughout
The radiant Corporation:
Who vainly ſtrive the Myſtery to ſcan,
And fathom the ſtupendous Depth of this Great
Love to Man.

IX.

He on the Rights of Juſtice ſtood,
With their exalted Nature,
That now thro' Streams of Sacred Blood
Wafts the Terreſtrial Creature;
Wafts Duſty-Man to that Felicity,
Which the *Apoſtate* Sons of Light muſt never hope to
ſee.

From JOHN, Ch. XXI. V. 17.

YES, Thou who know'st all, dost Thou know I love thee,
And that I set no Idol up above thee?
To thy unerring Censure I appeal,
Thou who know'st All Things, surely this canst tell?
I love thee more than Life, or Interest;
Nor hast thou any Rival in my Breast?
I love thee so, that I would calmly bear
The Mocks of Fools, and bless my happy Ear,
Let me from thee but one kind whisper hear?
I love thee so, that for a Smile of thine,
Might this, and all the brighter Worlds be mine;
I would not pause, but with a noble Scorn,
At the unequel slighted Offer spurn?
Yes, I to Fools these trifles can resign,
Nor envy them the World, whilst thou art mine;

I love thee as my Center, and can find
No Point but thee to ſtay my doubtful Mind;
Potent and uncontroul'd its Motions were,
Till fixt in thee, its only congruous Sphere.

Urg'd with a thouſand ſpecious Baits, I ſtood,
Diſpleas'd, and ſighing for ſome diſtant Good,
To calm its genuine Dictates—but betwixt
Them all, remain'd ſuſpended and unfixt.

I love the ſo, 'tis more than Death to be,
My Life, my Love, my All, depriv'd of Thee;
'Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, Shades and Darkneſs then,
Till thou unveil'ſt thy Heavenly Face agen;

I love thee ſo, I'd kiſs the Dart ſhould free
My flutt'ring Soul, and ſend her up to thee;
O would'ſt thou break her Chain, with what Delight
She'd ſpread her Wings, and bid the World Good-night!
Scarce for my bright Conductors would I ſtay,
But lead thy flaming Miniſters the Way,
In their known Paſſage to eternal Day.

And yet the Climes of Light would scarce seem fair,
Unless I met my bright Redeemer there;
Unless I there, cou'd view his charming Face,
And cope all Heaven in his sweet Embrace.

On the REVELATIONS, Chap. I. from v. 13. to v. 18.

I.

WHO cou'd, and yet out-live th' amazing Sight!
O! who could stand the Stress of so much Light!
Amidst the Golden Lamps the Vision stood,
Form'd like a Man, with all the Awe and Lustre of a God.

II.

A Kingly Vesture cloath'd him to the Ground,
And Radiant Gold his sacred Breasts surround;

But all too thin the Deity to ſhroud;
For heav'nly Rays expreſly ſhone thro' the unable Cloud.

III.

His Head, his aweful Head was grac'd with Hair,
As ſoft as Snow, as melted Silver fair;
And from his Eyes ſuch active Glories flow,
The conſcious Seraphs well may veil their dimmer Faces to.

IV.

His Feet were ſtrong, and dreadful as his Port,
Worthy the God-like Form they did ſupport;
His Voice reſembled the Majeſtic Fall
Of mighty Waves: 'Twas aweful, great, divine, and ſolemn all.

V.

His pow'rful Hand a Starry Scepter held,
His Mouth a threatning two-edg'd Sword did wield,

His

His Face ſo wondrous, ſo divinely fair,
As all the glorious Lights above had been contracted there.

VI.

And now my fainting Spirits ſtrove in vain
The uncorrected Splendor to ſuſtain,
Unable longer ſuch bright Rays to meet;
I dy'd beneath the pond'rous Load, at the great Viſion's Feet.

VII.

Till he who does the Springs of Life contain,
Breath'd back my Soul, and bid me live again;
And thus began (but O! with ſuch an Air,
That nothing but a Power divine had made me live to hear.)

VIII.

From unperceivable Eternity
I was, I am, and muſt for ever be:

I have

I have been dead, but live for ever now.
Amen — And have in Triumph led the Kings of
Darkneſs too.

THOUGHTS on DEATH.

I.

I'M almoſt to the fatal Period come,
My forward Glaſs has well nigh run its laſt;
Ere a few Moments, I ſhall hear that Doom
Which ne'er will be recall'd, when once 'tis paſt.

II.

Methinks I have Eternity in View,
And dread to reach the Edges of the Shore;
Nor doth the Proſpect, the leſs diſmal ſhew,
For all the thouſands who have launch'd before.

III.

III.

Why weep my Friends, what is their Loss to mine,
I have but one poor doubtful Stake to throw,
And with a dying Prayer my Hopes resign,
If that be lost, I'm lost for ever too.

IV.

'Tis not the painful Agonies of Death,
Nor all the gloomy Horrors of the Grave;
Were that the worst, unmov'd I'd yield my Breath,
And with a Smile the King of Terrors brave.

V.

But there's an After-day, 'tis that I fear:
O! who shall hide me from that angry Brow;
Already I the dreadful Accents hear,
Depart from me, and that for ever too.

The REFLECTION.

WHERE glide my Thoughts, —— raſh Inclinations ſtay,
And let me think what 'tis you fool away,
Stay ere it be too late, yet ſtay and take,
A ſhort Review of the great Prize at Stake.
O! ſtupid Folly 'tis eternal Joy,
That I'm about to barter for a Toy;
It is my God, O! dreadful Hazard, where
Shall I again the boundleſs Loſs repair!
It is my Soul, a Soul that coſt the Blood,
And painful Ag'nies of an humbled God.
O! bleſt Occaſion made me ſtay to think,
Ere I was hurry'd off the dang'rous Brink,
Shou'd I have took the charming Venom in,
Strug'led with all theſe Terrors for a Sin,
How equal had my Condemnation been?

The

The VANITY of the WORLD,

ADDRESSED

To the ATHENIANS.

WHAT if ſerenely bleſt with Calms I ſwam,
Pactolus! in thy golden-ſanded Stream?
Not all the Wealth that laviſh Chance cou'd give,
My Soul from Death cou'd one ſhort Hour reprieve.
When from my Heart the wandring Life muſt move,
No Cordial all my uſeleſs Gold cou'd prove.
What tho' I plung'd in Joys ſo deep and wide,
'Twou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the diſtant Side,
Fancy itſelf 'twou'd tire to plumb th' Abyſs;
If I for an uncertain Leaſe of this,
Sold the fair Hopes of an eternal bliſs?
What if inveſted with the Royal State
Of da'zling Queens, ador'd by Kings, I ſat?

Yet when my trembling Soul's diſlodg'd, wou'd be
No Room of State within the Grave for me.
What if my Youth, in Wit's and Beauty's Bloom,
Shou'd promiſe many a flatt'ring Year to come?
Tho' Death ſhould paſs the beauteous Flouriſher,
Advancing Time wou'd all its Glory mar.
What if the Muſes loudly ſung my Fame,
The barren Mountains echoing with my Name?
An envious Puff might blaſt the riſing Pride,
And all its bright conſpicuous Luſtre hide.
If o'er my Relicks Monuments they raiſe,
And fill the World with Flatt'ry, or with Praiſe,
What wou'd they all avail, if ſink I muſt,
My Soul to endleſs Shades, my Body to the Duſt?

ANSWER

ANSWER OF THE ATHENIANS.

NOthing, Ah nothing! Virtue only gives
Immortal Praiſe; that, only, ever lives.
What Pains wait Vice, what endleſs Worlds of Woe,
You know full well; but, may you never know.

The *RAPTURE.*

I.

LORD! if one diſtant Glimpſe of Thee
Thus elevate the Soul,
In what a Height of Extaſy
Do thoſe bleſs'd Spirits roll;

II.

Who, by a fix'd eternal View,
Drink in Immortal Rays;
To whom, unveiled, thou doſt ſhew
Thy Smiles, without Allays?

III.

An Object, which if mortal Eyes
Cou'd make Approaches to,
They'd ſoon eſteem their beſt-lov'd Toys
Not worth one ſcornful View.

IV.

How then, beneath its Load of Fleſh,
Wou'd the vex'd Soul complain!
And how the friendly Hand ſhe'd bleſs,
Wou'd break her hated Chain!

THE EXPOSTULATION.

I.

HOW long, great God, a wretched Captive here,
Muſt I theſe hated Marks of Bondage wear?
How long ſhall theſe uneaſy Chains controul
The willing Flights of my impatient Soul?
How long ſhall her moſt pure Intelligence
Be ſtrain'd through an Infectious Screen of groſs, corrupted Senſe?

II.

When ſhall I leave this darkſome Houſe of Clay;
And to a brighter Manſion wing away?

There's nothing here my Thoughts to entertain,
But one tir'd Revolution o'er again:
The Sun and Stars obſerve their wonted Round,
The Streams their former Courſes keep: No Novelty
is found.

III.

The ſame curſt Acts of falſe Fruition o'er,
The ſame wild Hopes and Wiſhes as before;
Do men for this ſo fondly Life careſs,
(That airy Puff of ſplendid Emptineſs?)
Unthinking Sots! kind Heav'n, let me be gone,
I'm tir'd, I'm ſick of this dull Repetition.

THE WISH.

TO THE ATHENIANS.

WOULD ſome kind Viſion repreſent to me
How bright thy Streets, Celeſtial *Salem!* be;
I'd trace thy ſhining pearly Paths, and tell
How bleſs'd are Thoſe who in thy Temple dwell:
How much more bright than e'er proud *Phœbus* ſhed
Are thoſe vaſt Rays th' Eternal Sun does ſpread!
Cou'd I the chiefeſt of Ten Thouſand view,
Wou'd Angels me their Admiration ſhew,
I'd tell the Virgins, tell 'em o'er agen
How Fair he look'd to the Black Sons of M[illegible]:

Might I, but ah, while clogg'd with ſinful Fleſh,
In vain I breathe out the impatient Wiſh!
But have a Glimpſe of thoſe fair Fields of Bliſs,
Where dreſs'd in Beams, the ſhining Saints do move
More gay than all the fancy'd Shades of Love:
Where ſtill from pure exhauſtleſs Fountains, to
Bright Silver Streams the Cryſtal Waters flow;
Where the true Son of Glory ne'er declines,
But with unclouded Vigour always ſhines.
Where endleſs Smiles Celeſtial Faces wear,
No Eye eclips'd with a rebellious Tear,
For Grief is an unheard-of Stranger there.
Say then, if aught of that bleſs'd Place you know,
Deſcribe its Bliſs, its dazzling Glories ſhow!

ANSWER

ANSWER
OF THE
ATHENIANS.

AH! Bright Unknown! you know not what you aſk;
Angels wou'd bend beneath th' unequal Taſk.
Were that bleſs'd World diſclos'd, 'twou'd ſeem ſo Fair,
Who wou'd not leap Life's Barriers to be there?
Yet ſee a Glimpſe, all, Heav'n permits to ſee;
And learn the reſt from Faith and Extaſy.

The Paradiſe of God, thoſe happy Seats which coſt
Far more, alas, than that fair *Eden* we have loſt,
Exceeds luxuriant Fancy's richeſt Dreſs,
And Beggars Rime and Numbers ſelf t'expreſs.
No, —— were we loſt in that Primæval Grove,
Where Father *Adam* with his New-born Bride

Walk'd

Walk'd careleſs, walk'd and lov'd, nor Want, nor Sin,
Nor jealous Rage, nor curſt tormenting Hopes
Their Sacred Verge approaching; cou'd we pierce,
As the blind Bard, † with intellectual Sight,
Thro' thoſe firſt happy Mortals Sylvan Shade,
Thro' cluſt'ring Vines, whoſe ſwelling Purple Grapes
With gen'rous Juice invited the bleſs'd Pair
To taſte, nor fear to die; where all the Springs,
That from ſome eaſy Mountains moſſy Side,
Or hoary Rock ran gently murmuring;
A thouſand Flowers upon the bending Banks,
A thouſand Birds upon the fragrant Trees,
And EVE herſelf all ſmiling join'd the Quire,
With bliſsful Hymns of chaſte and holy Love.
Were theſe and more united to compoſe
A Poet's Heav'n, to the true Heav'n 'twou'd be
A barren Wilderneſs, nay worſe, a World.
Not Reaſon's ſelf, a Ray of the Divine
Off-ſpring, and Friend of God, when manacled

† MILTON.

In

In ſinful mortal Mold, altho' it trace,
No Siſter Truth thro' each *Dædalian* Maze,
And builds on Senſe with well poiz'd Argument,
Not That can tell us, what we there ſhall ſee,
Or have, or know, or do, or ever be.
Nay, tho' with nobler Faith's more perfect Glaſs,
We look beyond the Cryſtal ſtarry Worlds,
We know but Part, ſunk in our darkſome ſelves,
And from Life's Dungeon wiſh the glim'ring Light:
Coaſters of Heav'n we beat along the Shore,
Some Creeks and Land-marks found, but know no more.
The Inland Country's undiſcover'd ſtill,
The glorious City of th' eternal King,
Yet of Celeſtial Growth we bear away,
Some rich immortal Fruit, Joy, Peace and Love,
Knowledge and Praiſe, Viſion and pure Delight,
Rivers of Bliſs, aye-dwelling from the Throne
Of the moſt High, exhauſtleſs Fund of Light.
There, there, is Heav'n, 'tis He who makes it ſo,
The Soul can hold no more, for God is all,

He only equals its capacious Graſp,
He only over fills to Spaces Infinite.
Ah! who can follow?—That ſhall only thoſe
Who with intrepid Breaſts the World oppoſe.
Tear out the glitt'ring Snake, tho' ne'er ſo cloſe it twine,
And part with Mortal Joys, for Joys Divine.

The 38*th* Chapter of JOB Tranſlated.

IN Thunder now the God his Silence broke,
And from a Cloud this lofty Language ſpoke:
Who, and where art thou, fond, preſumptuous, Man,
That by thy own weak Meaſures mine would'ſt ſcan?
Undaunted as an equal Match for me,
Stand forth, and anſwer my Demands to thee.

And firſt let thy Original be trac'd,
And tell me then what mighty Thing thou waſt,
When to the World my potent Word give Birth,
And fixt the Centre of the floating Earth?
Didſt thou aſſiſt with one deſigning Thought,
Or my Idea's rectify in aught,
When from Confuſion I this Order brought?
When like an Artiſt I the Line ſtretch'd out,
And mark'd its wide Circumference about,
Didſt thou contribute, *Job*, the needful Aid,
When I the Deep, and ſtrong Foundations laid,
And with my Hand the riſing Pillars ſtay'd?
When from the perfect Model of my Mind
The vaſt and ſtately Fabrick was deſign'd,
So wondrous, ſo compleat in ev'ry Part,
Adorn'd with ſuch Variety of Art,
The Sons of Light the goodly Frame ſurvey,
As their own Seats Magnificent and Gay.
Around the ſhining Verge of Heav'n they crowd,
And from the Cryſtal Confines, ſhout aloud.

For Joy the Morning Stars together ſang,
And Heav'n all o'er with glad Preludiums rang.

Were the tumultuous Floods by thee controul'd,
When without Bounds the foaming Billows roul'd?
Didſt thou appoint 'em then their ouzy Bed,
And humid Clouds o'er all their Surfaces ſpread;
Affixing Limits to th' imperious Deep,
The Limits it perpetually ſhall keep,
Tho' mounting high the angry Surges roar,
And daſh themſelves with Rage againſt the Shore?

When did'ſt thou ſummon up the ling'ring Day,
And haſte the lovely bluſhing Morn away?
Swift as my flaming Meſſengers above
Its gaudy Wings of my Direction move.
Haſt thou ſurvey'd the Ocean's dark Abodes,
The ſteep Deſcents, the Vaults and craggy Roads,
Thro' which hollow Rumour ruſh the neither Floods?
Or haſt thou meaſur'd the prodigious Store
Of Waves that in thoſe gaſtly Caverns roar?

Or

Or haſt thou, *Job*, the Fatal Valley trac'd,
And thro' the Realms of Death undaunted paſs'd,
Where the pale King a ruſty Scepter weilds,
And reigns a Tyrant o'er the duſky Fields?
Doſt thou the pure Immortal Fountain know,
From whence thoſe num'rous Streams of Glory flow,
Which feed the radiant Lamps that in the Æther glow?
Or from what Caves the ſullen Shadows riſe
When, like a Deluge, Night involves the Skies?
How does the Sun his Morning Beams diſplay
Thro' golden Clouds, and ſpread the ſudden Day,
When breaking from the Eaſt, all freſh and fair,
He dances thro' the glitt'ring Fields of Air?
At his Approach all Nature looks more gay,
Thro' ev'ry Grove refreſhing Breezes play,
And o'er the Streams, and o'er the Meadows, ſtray.
Doſt thou the Clouds amidſt the Air ſuſtain,
And melt the floating Rivers down in Rain,
When over-charg'd the yeilding Atmoſphere
No longer now the watry Load can bear?

On gloomy Wings the ſounding Tempeſt flies,
And heavy Thunders roul along the Skies;
Around the airy Vault fierce Lightnings play,
And burn themſelves thro' ſolid Clouds away:
With Water, who the Wilderneſs ſupplies?
And tell me whence the Midnight Dews ariſe?
Or from what cold and putrifying Womb
The Ice and nipping hoary Froſt does come?
What ſecret Pow'r its fluid Parts cement,
Congeal, and harden, the ſoft Element?
All ſtiff and motionleſs the frozen Deep,
No curling Winds its ſhining Surface ſweep,
Canſt thou the chearing Influences ſtay
Of thoſe mild Stars which deck the Spring ſo gay?
Or looſe the ſullen Planets Icy Bands,
Which Froſts, and rough Tempeſtuous Winds, commands?
Canſt thou bring out Fair *Maz'roth*'s ſultry Beam?
Or guide thro' Heav'ns Blue Tracks, the Starry Team?

Do all the ſhining, vaſt Machines above
By thy Contrivance in ſuch Order move?
If ſo —— Still thy Divinity to prove,
Set open now the Flood-gates of the Sky,
And call a mighty Deluge from on high.
Kindle prodigious Light'nings, and command
The burning Flaſhes with a daring Hand,
I'll then confeſs thou haſt an Arm like me,
And that thy own Right Hand can ſuccour thee.

A

PASTORAL

ON THE

NATIVITY

OF OUR

SAVIOUR.

In Imitation of an *Italian* Paſtoral.

MENALCAS.

SOME mighty things theſe aweful Signs portend!
Amaz'd, we ſee new Stars the Skies aſcend;
A thouſand ſtrange uſurping Lights appear,
And dart their ſudden Glories thro' the Air;

A daz'ling Day without the Sun returns,
And thro' the Midnight's duſky Horror burns.

PALEMON.

And in the Depth of Winter, Spring appears,
For lo! the Ground a ſudden Verdure wears;
The op'ning Flow'rs diſplay their gaud'eſt Dye,
And ſeem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

URANIA.

Nor without Myſt'ry are theſe Joys that roll
In Torrents thro' my now prophetic Soul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd Breaſt,
That more than All the Tribes, the Race of *Judah*'s bleſt.

MENALCAS.

But ſee, the Eaſtern Skies diſcloſe a Light,
Beyond the Noon-tide's flaming Glories bright;
This Way its Courſe the ſacred Viſion bends,
And with much State and ſolemn Pomp deſcends.

Sonorous Voices echo from afar,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling Air:
The circling Spheres the charming Sound prolong,
And anſwer all the Cadence of their Song:
And now the ſacred Harmony draws near,
And now a Thouſand heav'nly Forms appear.

ANGELS.

Immortal Glory give to God on High,
Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky;
Let Joy on Earth, and endleſs Peace enſue,
The Great Meſſiah's born, thrice happy Men, to you.

URANIA.

The Great Meſſiah born! Tranſporting Sound!
To the wide World ſpread the bleſt Accents round.
What Joy theſe long-expected Tidings bring!
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

ANGELS.

An Infant, in a Virgin's Arms he lies,
Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the Skies;

The

The God to whom the flaming Seraphs bow,
Deſcends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

MENALCAS.

—— Surprizing Pow'r of Love!
Ev'n God himſelf thy mighty Force does prove;
Thou rul'ſt the World below, and govern'ſt all above!

PALEMON.

Ye ſhining Meſſengers be farther kind,
And tell us where the wond'rous Child to find.

ANGELS.

Your glad Conductors to the Place we'll be,
Eager as you, this myſtic Thing to ſee.

URANIA.

Some preſent to the Infant King let's bear,
For Zeal ſhou'd always liberal appear.

ANGELS.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor Abode,
Where, in a Manger, lives th' Incarnate God,

Reduc'd to lodge among the ſordid Beaſt,
Who all the ſpacious Realms of Light poſſeſs'd;
And he whoſe humble Miniſters we were,
Becomes a tender Virgin's helpleſs Care.
Thro' Heav'n, but now, the haſty Tidings rung,
And Anthems on the wond'rous Theme they ſung.

PALEMON.

But to what happy Maid of human Race
Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace?

ANGELS.

Ye echoing Skies repeat *Maria*'s Name,
Maria thro' the ſtarry Worlds proclaim:
In her bright Face Celeſtial Graces ſhine,
Her Mind's enrich'd with Treaſures all divine,
From *David*'s Royal Houſe deſcends her noble Line.
But ſee the humble Seat, the poor Abode,
That holds the Virgin with the Infant God.

MENALCAS.

Thee, Virgin-born, thus proſtrate I adore,
And offer here the Choice of all my Store.
Untill'd, the Earth ſhall now vaſt Harveſt yield,
And laughing Plenty crown the open Field.
Clear Rivers in the Deſarts ſhall be ſeen,
And barren Waſtes cloath'd in eternal Green.
Inſtead of Thorns, the ſtately Firr ſhall riſe,
And wave his lofty Head amidſt the Skies;
Where Thiſtles once, ſhall fragrant Myrtles grow,
The beauteous Roſe on ev'ry Buſh ſhall glow,
And from the Purple Grape rich Wines, unpreſs'd,
ſhall flow.

PALEMON.

Great Star of *Jacob*, that ſo bright doſt riſe,
Turn, lovely Infant, thy auſpicious Eyes:
This ſoft and ſpotleſs Wool to Thee I bring,
My earlieſt Tribute to the New-born King.

With Thee each ſacred Virtue takes its Birth,
And Peace and Juſtice now ſhall rule the Earth.
Thou ſhalt the Bliſs of Paradiſe reſtore,
And Wars and Tumults ſhall be heard no more.
The Wolf and Lamb ſhall now together feed,
And with the Oxe, the Lyon's ſavage breed.
The Child ſhall with the harmleſs Serpent play,
And lead, unhurt, the gentle Beaſt away.
And where the Sun aſcends the ſhining Eaſt,
And where he ends his Journey in the Weſt,
Thy glorious Name ſhall be ador'd and bleſt.

URANIA.

The Hope of *Iſrael* Hail—with humble Zeal
To the unqueſtion'd Son of God, I kneel:
All hail to Thee, of whom the Prophets old
Such mighty Things to our Forefathers told.
Thy Kingdom ſhall from Sea to Sea extend,
And reach the ſpacious World's remoteſt End.

The

The ſpicy Iſle, and *Saba*'s wealthy King,
To Thee from far ſhall coſtly Preſents bring.
Thy ſtedfaſt Throne ſhall ſtand for ever faſt,
And thy Dominion Time itſelf outlaſt.
This gentle Lamb, the beſt my Flocks afford,
I bring an Off'ring to All Nature's Lord.

ANGELS.

And we the Regents of the Spheres, thus low
Before Mankind's Illuſtrious Saviour bow,
Aſtoniſh'd, in an Infant's Form we ſee,
Diſguis'd th' INEFFABLE DIVINITY,
Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light,
O'ercame the potent Seraphims in Fight.
Thus humbled—O unbounded Force of Love!
Subdu'd by That from all the Joys above,
Thou cam'ſt the wretched Life of Man to prove.
Thus Thou our ruin'd Numbers wilt ſupply,
And fill the Deſolations of the Sky.

AN

AN

HYMN

ON THE

THREE *Eaſtern* MAGI Adoring our SAVIOUR at his Nativity, guided by a New Star to the Place of his Birth.

I.

FROM thoſe Bleſt Regions where the Sun diſplays,
His Blooming Light, and ſpreads his earlieſt Rays,
Where Fragrant Groves for Sacred Incenſe ſpring,
To thee, Great Son of God, our Zealous Vows we bring.

II.

Hail Mighty Infant! Off-ſpring of the Skies,
Celeſtial Glory lightens in thy Eyes;
Thy Smiles preſage immeaſurable Grace,
And Scenes of Paradiſe are open'd in thy Face.

III.

III.

More than the Race of Men, ſurprizing Fair,
More Lovely than thy own propitious Star,
When firſt its chearful Luſtre bleſt our Sight,
Grac'd with ſuperior Beams, and well-diſtinguiſh'd Light.

IV.

The Sun its conqu'ring Glories met by Day,
And fac'd his Rival with a fainter Ray;
In Golden Robes amidſt the Shades it blaz'd,
While Night, with all her Eyes, on the Fair Stranger gaz'd.

V.

To rich *Judea* ſtill it led the Way,
And hov'ring where th' Immortal Infant lay,
With darting Beams it gilds the Bleſt Abode,
And to our longing Eyes reveal'd th' unqueſtion'd God,

VI.

Whom thus with pure Devotion we adore,
And freely offer all our coſtly Store;
Gold as a Tribute to the New-born King,
And Incenſe to the God, with humble Zeal we bring.

VII.

The ſpacious *Eaſt* ſhall ſoon converted be,
And all her ſplendid Monarchs kneel to Thee:
The Sun, no more in folding Clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious Honours to his Luſtre paid.

VIII.

Apis ſhall ceaſe to bellow thro' the Croud,
With gilded Horns, and flow'ry Garlands proud;
Panthea's coſtly Gums ſhall ſmoke no more,
To Gods of monſtrous Shape, on *Nile*'s polluted Shore.

IX.

IX.

But Thou ſhalt riſe in Fame, Illuſtrious Child,
Of all Mankind the *Great Redeemer* ſtil'd,
A God in ev'ry Language known and bleſt,
By ev'ry bending Knee ador'd, and ev'ry Tongue confeſs'd.

X.

Temples to thee with gilded Spires ſhall riſe,
And Clouds of fragrant Incenſe ſhade the Skies;
In lofty Hymns, and conſecrated Verſe,
Succeeding Times ſhall ſpeak thy Praiſe, and thy Great Name rehearſe.

XI.

And Thee, Unblemiſh'd Maid, divinely Fair,
Whoſe tender Arms th' Eternal Monarch bear,
Thrice happy Thee, Poſterity ſhall call,
Pride of thy Lovely Sex, and grac'd above them all.

THE FALL of PHAETON, PARAPHRASED.*

WITH ſwelling Thoughts, fix'd on his great Intent,
Now PHAETON had climb'd the SUN's Aſcent;
And to his radiant Father's Palace came,
Whoſe Heav'nly Seat look'd blazon'd all with Flame:
On ſtately Pedeſtals, erected high,
Above the Convex of the utmoſt Sky,
Its Glorious Front, dazel'd, yet pleas'd the Sight,
With vig'rous Sallies of Ætherial Light,
The Entrance, all, Divinely deck'd, was wrought,
Beyond th' Invention of a Human Thought:

* The *Second Book* of OVID's *Metamorphoſes*, opens with this FABLE. [N. B. A very Eminent Writer has borrowed largely from this Piece.]

With

With various Figures exquiſite and bold,
As the amazing Novelties they told.
Here aweful NEPTUNE riſes from the Deep,
Around, the peaceful Billows ſeem to ſleep:
Here dreadful Whales the bluſt'ring *Tritons* ſtride,
And raiſe a Silver Tempeſt as they glide:
In mighty Shells the lovely *Nereids* ſwim,
And blueiſh GODS the lofty Billows climb.
Wide from the Shore a pleaſant Scene of Land,
With careleſs Beauty did itſelf expand:
Here Mountains, Valleys, Springs, and Sacred
Groves,
Flocks, Herds, Unpoliſh'd Shepherds, and their
Loves;
The *Dryads*, *Satyrs*, *Sylvan*-GODS, and Fawns,
Had here their Rural Palaces and Lawns.
Above all this, appear'd the bleſt Abodes,
And gay Pavillions of th' Immortal Gods:
Upon a Painted-Zodiac, brightly ſhone
With glitt'ring Emralds SOL's refulgent Throne.

Here

Here ſat in Purple the Bright GOD of Day,
(Whom PHAETON now trembles to ſurvey :)
Smooth were his Cheeks, moſt lovely Eyes, his Brows
Adorn'd with Rays, and his own ſacred Boughs :
Around, the Days, the Months, and Years attend,
While, at his Feet, the crooked Ages bend :
The beauteous *Spring* (more gay than all the reſt,)
Stood ſmiling by, clad in a Flowry Veſt :
Summer, with Ears of Corn, her Temples bound,
And *Autumn* with luxuriant Cluſters crown'd :
In Order next old hoary Winter ſtood ;
His Aſpect horrid, and congeal'd his Blood.
Surrounded thus with Majeſty and State,
Bold PHAETON's Illuſtrious Father ſate,
The GOD his ven'trous Off-ſpring now eſpies,
Amaz'd ! demands, What urg'd his Enterprize ?
And what great Embaſſy cou'd bring him to the Skies ?
Monarch of Light, the doubtful Youth returns,
Whoſe Abſence Life itſelf and Nature mourns :

Moſt

Moſt ſplendid Ruler of the welcome Day,
Sereneſt *Spring* of all that's fair and gay ——
If bolder I may ſpeak — O! Sire — if e'er
The Thoughts of *Love* and *Clymene* were dear; ——
Then grant a certain Sign, which may on Earth
Reſolve the queſtion'd Grandeur of my Birth,
My beſt-lov'd-Son, great PHOEBUS made Reply,
(And back he caſt the radiant Energy
Of his thick Beams) my PHAETON draw nigh:
And doubt no longer my Paternal Rights;
For, by CLYMENE, by th' intenſe Delights
That gave Thee Birth, ſo—now chuſe out a Sign,
And by the dark Infernal Lake 'tis Thine.

Strait the ambitious Youth demands the Sway
Of his hot Steeds, and Chariot of the Day.
Amaz'd, the lucent Deity ſhook his Head,
Revolving his tremendous *Oath*, and ſaid;
Unthinking PHAETON, what doſt thou aſk?
Not JOVE himſelf durſt undertake the Taſk:

Tho' not a God in the Blue Arch more great,
Yet even he'd decline our Flaming Seat.
Can'ſt thou, a Mortal, then ſupply my Throne?
Curb my fierce Steeds, and paſs th' Intemp'rate Zone?
So hard and difficult, th' Aſcent of Day,
Scarce, with freſh Horſes, vanquiſh I the Way:
With Horror, on the diſtant Earth at Noon,
We from the *Zenith*'s diſmal Heighth look down
The ſteep Deſcent; from thence we ſwiftly roll:
Nor here our headlong Courſes brook Controul.
E'en Lovely THETIS ſees my FALL with Dread,
Tho' ev'ry Night ſhe 'xpects me to her Bed.
Beſides, thou'lt meet a Thouſand rugged Jars,
From the encount'ring Motions of the Stars;
Scarce our Immortal Efforts ſtem their Force:
Betwixt the BULL's ſharp Horns then lies thy Courſe,
By SAGITARIUS, and the SCORPION's Claws,
The ghaſtly CRAB, and LEO's dreadful Jaws.

Expect no Groves, nor Flow'ry Manſions there,
Nor Gods, nor Nymphs; but Monſters ev'ry where.
Then let a Father's timely Care perſuade,
And yet retract the dang'rous Choice Thou'ſt made;
Be wiſe, and urge no more this fatal Sign;
Alas, my Grief, too ſadly, ſpeaks Thee Mine.
Of all the Earth's, or Sea's rich Boſoms hide;
Or Treaſures which in upper Air abide;
Aſk what Thou wilt, or dar'ſt (beſides) to wiſh;
Do, PHAETON, aſk any thing but This;
And, by my former Sacred *Oath*, 'tis Thine.
But the hot Youth, fix'd on his raſh Deſign,
With ſuch an Enterprize, the more inflam'd,
His anxious FATHER's *Oath*, now boldly claim'd,
Who forc'd to yeild. The nimble *Hours* ſoon brought
His Chariot forth, in hot *Veſuvio* wrought,
By crafty VULCAN, and the CYCLOPS Art,
Who'ad ſhown immortal Skill in ev'ry Part:
The Wheels, and Axle-Tree, the pureſt Gold,
Bright as thoſe lucid Tracts in which they roll'd:

The Harneſs all emboſs'd with *Cryſolites*,
And twinkling Sparks of wond'rous-colour'd Lights.
But now *Aurora* from her Eaſtern Bed,
Had o'er th' Expanſe her Dewy Mantle ſpread:
The ſickly *Moon* the Hemiſphere reſigns;
And, with her Waning, LUCIFER declines.
The Dawning grew more fair and ruddy ſtill,
And SOL, officious now againſt his Will,
With Sacred Compounds his fierce Orb allays,
Then crowns the joyful Hero with his Rays:
With tender Speeches caution'd thus the while,
Let not Preſumption thy fond Thoughts beguile,
To give my hot unruly Steeds their Courſe,
But uſe the Reins with utmoſt Care and Force,
Along a beaten, broad, and oblique Way,
Far from the Poles, now lies the Road of Day,
Avoid the *Altar*, and the hiſſing *Snake*,
Both oppoſite, betwixt them keep the Track;
Obſerve a careful Diſtance from the Skies,
Leſt thou affront the aweful Deities;

Nor

Nor near the Earth approach, the Mean is beſt,
To Deſtiny, with Hope, I leave the reſt.
For, lo the pale Commandreſs of the Night,
Reſigns her Empire to th' expected Light.
Take up the Reins; my Son, or yet be wiſe,
And graſp a more proportion'd Enterprize.
But PHAETON, as reſolute as great,
Undaunted, leaps into the Blazing Seat;
Pleas'd with his glorious Charge, nor doubts his Skill
To manage it, he mounts th' *Olympic* Hill.
Aloud th' Immortal Steeds begin to neigh,
And ſtrike their Fiery Hoofs, and make new Day;
As thro' the Clouds they cut their ſparkling Way:
And finding now the reeling Chariot freight
With nothing equal to celeſtial Weight,
Unruly grow; and heedleſs of the Rein,
Its feeble Cheeks, and trembling Guide diſdain;
And, all diſorder'd, careleſs of their Way,
Thro' Paths unknown to SOL himſelf, they ſtray:

Now near the Fair *Triones*, who in vain,
Implor'd more Temp'rate Quarters in the Main.
With Heat reviv'd, ſee the fierce *Serpent* roll,
Tho' fix'd his Station near the Frozen Pole.
Bootes ſweats, and drives his lazy Team
A nimble Pace, untry'd before by them:
As much diſtreſs'd, unhappy PHAETON
From Great *Olympus'* arched Top looks down:
Black Horror now, and aggravating Fear,
Thro' all his conſcious Thoughts triumphant were:
He curſt his Pride, conſpicuous Seat, and Birth,
And covets the obſcureſt Place on Earth;
To be the Son of MEROPS, ſafe below,
Unknown to Gods and Men, would pleaſe him now:
So, all confus'd, the hopeleſs Pilot raves,
And yeilds, at laſt, to the relentleſs Waves.
What can he do? much of the glowing Eaſt
Is yet unconquer'd; more he dreads the Weſt,
That dang'rous Fall; nor one clear Track can find
In Heav'n; nor call his Horſes Names to mind:

Who

Who now, near where the dreadful *Scorpion* lay,
Hurry'd the ſhatter'd Chariot of the Day:
Proud of the Reins, which from his trembling Hands
Now faintly drop, no Obſtacle withſtands
Their furious Courſe; but thro' the blazing Sky
They foam, and rave, and all diſorder'd fly,
Now upward, to the Stars, a Path they rend,
Then down again the frightful Steeps deſcend:
Below, her own DIANA from afar,
With Wonder, views her radiant BROTHER'S Car:
Th' exhaled Earth down to its Center dry,
Wants Juice, her fainting Products to ſupply:
Aſſaulted with the too prevailing Rays,
In fatal Flames, whole Towns and Mountains blaze:
High *Athos*, *Oete*, and the Piney Top
Of pleaſant *Ida* into Cinders drop:
Old *Tmolus*, the *Cilician* Mount, and high
Parnaſſus, ſmoak, up to the darken'd Sky:

Veſuvio roars, more fierce its Entrails glow;
Nor work the CYCLOPS at their Anvils now,
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Erix*, *Mimas*, flame,
Nor *Rhodopean* Snows the fiercer Fire can tame.
Caucaſus fries, *Dindyma* chaps, and burns
Her kindling Grove; fair *Aphrodites* mourns.
The Airy *Alps*, and Gloomy *Appennine*,
With *Oſſa*, in the CONFLAGRATION ſhine:
Surrounded thus with Smoke, and wrathful Fires,
Unhappy PHAETON almoſt expires:
Deſpair within, and Terror all without,
By's furious Steeds, at Pleaſure, hurl'd about;
Gaſping, and faint, ſtill hurried round, nor more,
Tho' prop'd by Fate, a Mortal could have bore:
They ſay, the *Ethiopians* now with Heat
Aduſt, and ſcorch'd, diffus'd a Sable Sweat;
And all the waſted Fountains ſadly ring
Of ſome fair *Naiad* mourning for her Spring.
Nor from the larger Streams the Flame recoils,
For in its Channel antient *Tanais* boils.

Xanthus

Xanthus, whoſe Waves again that Fate muſt know;
Mæander, whoſe wild Waters, circling flow.
Melas, *Eurotas*, *Iſter*, and the fair
Euphrates Torrents, half exhauſted are.
Orontes, *Phaſis*, and the cooler Stream
Of *Sperchius* now like boiling Chaldron's ſteam;
Alpheus, *Ganges*, and the flowing Gold,
That in the rich *Pactolus*' Channel roll'd:
The MUSES mourn, their Swans, who, as they die,
In charming Notes, Sing their own Elegy;
Deep, in his utmoſt ſubterranean Bed,
Great *Nilus* hides his undiſcover'd Head.
Earth cracks, to Hell deſcend the hated Beams,
And plague the howling Ghoſts with worſe Extreams;
Th' exhauſted Ocean leaves a Field of Sand,
Nor does vex'd NEPTUNE one cool Wave command;
He 'as loſt his Share of the grand Monarchy,
And vainly lifts his forked Trident high.
The Lovely *Siſters* melt upon the Rocks,
While aged *Doris* tears her Silver Locks:

The

The *Phocæ* die; the *Dolphins* vainly dive
In ſcalding Streams, to keep themſelves alive.
As much the Goddeſs of the Earth diſtreſs'd,
With trembling Lips, the *King* of GODS addreſs'd:
" If Thou the groaning WORLD's Deſtruction mean,
" (Incenſed JOVE) why ſleep thy Thunders then?
" If Thou the Cauſe of this Calamity,
" Or if 'tis ſome *leſs* potent GOD than THEE;
" Where's all thy Goodneſs, all thy gentle Care
" For *Mortals* now—that ſhou'd theſe Ills repair?
" Have I for this thy Sacred Victims fed
" In Hecatombs, to thy high Altars led?
" Thoſe Altars, which with thy bright Temples ſmoke,
" While JOVE, in vain, the gaſping Prieſts invoke:
" And lo the mighty Poles begin to fume?
" And, where's thy Starry Seat, ſhou'd they conſume?
" Tir'd ATLAS ſweating, of his Load complains,
" And ſcarce the burning Axle-Tree ſuſtains."
But, fainting here, ſhe ſtopt, and ſhrinks her Head,
Below the gloomy Dwellings of the Dead.

JOVE

JOVE calls the Gods (with him, whoſe daring Son,
Too fond of Glory, had this Miſchief done:)
To view the dreadful Flames; then mounts on high,
The loftieſt *Turret* that commands the Sky:
From whence he us'd to ſhade the ſultry Air,
And with kind Show'rs the parched Earth to chear:
But throws his Flood-gates open now in vain,
And preſs'd the light tranſparent Clouds for Rain:
At which incens'd, his ruddy Thunder glows,
Nor durſt the GOD of Beams himſelf oppoſe.
See the wing'd Vengeance now, ſee where it breaks,
On the raſh Cauſe of thoſe lamented Wrecks;
And ſends the bold USURPER breathleſs down
To the *ſcorch'd* EARTH, from his affected THRONE.

So, ſtrike the *Gallic Tyrant*,* who has hurl'd
As *guilty Flames* thro' the *complaining World:*
So aweful JOVE, ſo *ſtrike him from his* SEAT,
And *all his* AIMS, *and all his* HOPES defeat.

* LEWIS XIV.

A

PASTORAL.

DAPHNE.

WHY ſigh'ſt Thee ſo, What Grievance can annoy,
A Nymph like Thee? Alas, why ſighs my Joy?
My *Philomela*, why doſt bend thy Head?
Haſt loſt thy *Pipe*, or is thy *Garland* dead?
Thy *Flocks* are fruitful, flow'ry all thy Plain?
Thy *Father*'s Darling, Why ſhould'ſt thou complain?

PHILOMELA.

Unfriendly thus, when I expect Relief,
To mock the weightier Cauſes of my Grief.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Thou doſt abuſe my Love: How ſhould I gueſs
The unknown Reaſon of thy Tears, unleſs
Thy *Birds* are fled, or elſe the Winds have blown,
This ſtormy Night, Thy talleſt *Cypreſs* down?
Thy *Shepherd*'s true, or I had nam'd him firſt.

PHILOMELA.

Ah! were he ſo, I would contemn the reſt.

DAPHNE.

Why doſt Thou fear it? Not a truer Swain
E'er drove his *Sheep* to this frequented Plain.

PHILOMELA.

Like Thee in Ignorance, how bleſt were I?
But Nymph a falſer thing did never ſigh:
Curſe on his Charms; accurſt th'unlucky Day,
He ſought by chance his ſtragling Flocks this Way;
When gay and careleſs, leaning on my *Crook*,
My roving Eyes this fatal *Captive* took,
Well I remember yet, with what a Grace
The youthful Conq'ror made his firſt Addreſs:

How moving, how reſiſtleſs were his Sighs;
How *ſoft* his *Tongue*, how *very ſoft* his *Eyes*.
In ſpite of all my natural Diſdain,
I fell a Victim to the ſmiling Swain!
How much more bleſt, how happy had I been,
Had I his lovely killing Eyes ne'er ſeen!
In theſe delightſome Paſtures long I kept
My harmleſs *Flocks*, and as much Pleaſure reapt,
In being all I hop'd to be, as They,
Whoſe aweful Nods ſubjected Nations ſway.
The *Shepherds* made it all their Care to gain
My Heart, which knew no Paſſion but Diſdain,
Till this young *Swain*, the Pride of all our Grove,
Into my Soul infus'd the Bane of Love.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY.

PHILOMELA.

SO, gentle Deſtinies, decide the Strife;
Ah! ſpare but Hers, and take my hated Life.

DAPHNE.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, dear Nymph, the Fates ordain not ſo.

PHILOMELA.

The more ungentle they; but wilt Thou go?

DAPHNE.

I muſt; and wiſh my Epilogue were done,
That from this tireſome Stage I may be gone.

PHILOMELA.

Ah me! dear Boy! this breaks my feeble Heart:
But find'ſt thou no Reluctancy to part?

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

Without the leaſt Reluctance, all below,
Save Thee, dear Nymph, I willingly forego:
My Swain, my Mates, my Flocks and Garland too.
In thoſe bleſt Shades, to which my Soul muſt flee,
More beauteous Nymphs, and kinder Shepherds be;
Who ne'er reflect on what they left behind,
Wrapt with the Joys they in *Elyſium* find.
By Silver Streams, thro' bliſsful Shades they rove,
Their Pleaſure to Eternity improve.
There all the ſmiling *Year* is cloath'd with Green;
No *Autumn*, but Eternal *Spring* is ſeen.
There the wing'd Choir in loud and artful Strains
Tranſmit their Echoes to the happy Plains:
And thither STREPHON will my Soul purſue,
When *He*, like *Me*, has bid the World adieu.
There, if *Her* Innocence ſhe ſtill retain,
My PHILOMELA I ſhall claſp again;

And

And there, when Death ſhall ſtop his Noble Race,
With a more God-like and Heroic Grace,
Thou ſhalt behold the matchleſs *Theron*'s Face,
But now farewel, my lateſt Sands are run,
And CHARON waits, impatient to be gone.
Farewel, poor Earth; from thy unhappy Shore
None ever launch'd more joyfully before.
Not Death's grim Looks affright me, tho' ſo near,
Alas! why ſhould the Brave and Virtuous fear!

PHILOMELA.

Alas! She's gone, my dear Companion's gone,
And left me in this deſart World alone;
Unforc'd, *Her* beauteous Soul has took its Flight,
Serene, and Glitt'ring, to Eternal Light.
More blind than Love, or Chance, relentleſs Death,
Why didſt thou ſtop my charming DAPHNE's Breath?
The beſt, the braveſt, faithful Friend alive;
Fate cut my Thread, I'll not the loſs ſurvive.

Alas! Why riſes the unwelcome Sun?
Nought now is worth our Sight, ſince DAPHNE's gone.
Go, ſmile on ſome bleſt Clime, where Thou'lt not ſee
A Loſs ſo vaſt, nor Wretch ſo curſt as me;
Whom Grief hath wrapt in ſo condens'd a Shade
As thy intruding Beams ſhall ne'er invade:
For, What avails thy Light, now DAPHNE's gone,
And left me weeping on the Shore alone?
Yet could the gentle Fair but ſee me mourn,
From that bleſt Place ſhe would perhaps return.
But vain, alas! are my Complaints; ſhe's gone,
And left me in this deſart World alone.
For ah! depriv'd, my dearer Life, of *Thee*,
The *World* is all a *Hermitage* to *Me*:
No more together ſhall we ſit or walk,
No more of *Pan*, or of *Elyſium* talk:
Ah! no, no more ſhall I the fleeting Day
In kind Endearments ſoftly paſs away:
No more the nobleſt Height of Friendſhip prove,
Now DAPHNE's gone, I know not who to love.

Mourn, all ye Groves and Streams, mourn ev'rything,
You'll hear, no more, the pretty *Syren* ſing.
Tune, Shepherds, tune your Pipes to mournful Strains;
Alas! we've loſt the Glory of the Plains.
Let ev'ry thing a ſadder Look put on;
For DAPHNE's *dead*, the dear lov'd Nymph is gone.

PARTHENIA.

AN

ELEGY.

WITH ſinging Angels hence ſhe poſts away,
As lovely now, and excellent as they:
For one ſhort Moment Death's grim Looks ſhe bore,
But ne'er ſhall ſee his gaſtly Viſage more.
Releas'd from her dull Fetters; as the Light,
Active, and pure, PARTHENIA takes her Flight;

And finds, at laſt, the aweful Secrecy,
How Spirits *act*, and what they *do*, and *be*.
But now ſhe's ſwallow'd in a Flood of Light,
And ſcarce endures the Splendor of the Sight:
Dear Shade, whom Heaven did ſo ſoon remove
From theſe Cold Regions to the Land of Love;
To endleſs Pleaſures, and eternal day;
How glitt'ring now? How ſatisfy'd and gay
Art thou? methinks I do but half lament
The lovely Saint, from my Embraces rent:
Nor can on thoſe fair Manſions caſt my Eyes,
To which ſhe's fled, and not re-call my Sighs.
My Grief for her were as unjuſt, as vain,
If from that Bliſs 'twould hurry her again:
For tho' the charming'ſt Friend on Earth I've loſt,
Yet ſhe the while may the Advantage boaſt:
And ſhould her pure unfetter'd Soul but daign
A careleſs Glance on theſe dark Coaſts again,
'Twould ſmile, as conſcious, where ſhe left her Chain;

And ſmile again at the ſurprizing Odds
Of her late Dwelling, and choſe bright Abodes;
Thoſe bright Abodes where now, ſecurely bleſt,
She ſings the Anthems of Eternal Reſt.

THE

REPLY.

NO: I'm unmov'd; nor can thy charming Muſe,
One tender Thought into my Breaſt infuſe.
I am from all thoſe ſenſual Motions free;
And you, in vain, ſpeak pretty things to Me:
For thro' the ſplendid Gallantries of Love,
Untouch'd, and careleſs, now I wildy rove,
From all th' Attacks of thoſe proud Darts ſecure,
Whoſe trifling Force too tamely you endure;

Nor aught, on Earth's, ſo delicate to move
My nicer Spirit, and exact my Love:
Even THERON'S lovely and inticing Eyes,
Tho' arm'd with Flames, I can at laſt deſpiſe;
With all the genuine Charms and courtly Arts,
By which your treach'rous Sex invade our Hearts;
No more thoſe little Things contract my Breaſt,
By a Diviner Excellence poſſeſt;
And, ſhould I yield again, it dear muſt coſt
My Victor, e'er he ſhall the Conqueſt boaſt;
For the mad Venom's quite expell'd my Veins,
And calmer Reaſon now triumphant reigns:
No more the deareſt Object of my Sight
Can move a ſoft Senſation of Delight:
Or force my ling'ring Blood a ſwifter Pace,
Or paint new Smiles and Bluſhes on my Face.
I've rent the charming Idol from my Heart,
And baniſh'd All from thence, that took his Part.
No more the ſmiling Beaus ſhall tempt me on
To gaze, and ſigh, and think myſelf undone;

Whilſt

Whilſt Love, like ſome fierce Torrent unconfin'd,
Breaks in, o'er ſpreads, and ſwallows up my Mind;
And with its black ungrateful Streams controul
All the Diviner Rays within my Soul.
Ah! no: no more, will ever I admire,
Or urge the Sparks of the now dormant Fire:
Or for a wild fantaſtic Extaſy,
Change the dear Joys of this bleſt Liberty;
Free as a wand'ring *Zephir*, thro' the Air,
Methinks I range, and hate my former Sphere.
I meet the nobleſt Forms, yet ſcorn to pay
A fond Devotion to well-moulded Clay:
Nor would I ev'n for my late ſplendid Chain
Forgo this charming Liberty again;
Which with ſo ſweet a Calmneſs fills my Breaſt,
As cannot be in Words, no not in Thine expreſt.

A

PASTORAL,

In Imitation of

Drayton's 2d *NYMPHAL.*

CLEON and *Lycidas* were Jolly Swains,
Their Worth diſtinguiſh'd on th' *Arcadian* Plains.
Cleon a hardy Youth, on Mountains bred,
O'er craggy Rocks his browzing Goats he led;
At Rural Feſtivals he ſtill appear'd
A Challenger, in ev'ry Combat fear'd:
For none like him the weighty Sledge could throw,
Or manage with more dext'rous Art the Bow;
In Wreſtling ſkill'd, and foremoſt in the Race,
Advent'rous ſtill, and eager for the Chace;

Thro'

Thro' ſavage Woods, o'er Hills, with Summits hoar,
Arm'd with a Spear, he trac'd the Tuſky Boar.
But *Lycidas* among the Nymphs was bred,
The flow'ry Vales he ſought, and verdant Mead,
And there by curling Streams his Flocks were fed.
His goodly Nature, and well-featur'd Face,
Of ev'ry Shepherdeſs obtain'd the Grace;
His flaxen Hair, in Ringlets from his Crown,
Beneath his Shoulders careleſsly hung down;
Whene'er he danc'd, *Apollo*'s Self was ſeen
In the proportion'd Step, and graceful Mien:
He ſpoke ſo fine, ſo artfully he ſung,
None but *Myrtilla* could reſiſt his Tongue;
No Charms but her's his Numbers could inſpire:
The Nymph was fam'd, a *Sylvan* God her Sire,
Her Mother of the *Naiad*'s beauteous Race;
From her She took the Sweetneſs of her Face.
Not *Venus* Self could boaſt a Face more fair,
More roſy Lips, nor more enticing Hair;

Her blooming Innocence, her lovely Eyes,
And perfect Shape, did ev'ry Heart ſurprize;
Her Voice could ev'n a riſing Torrent ſtay,
A hungry Lion's fierceſt Rage allay,
And keep the liſt'ning Savage from his Prey.
The Maid by gentle *Lycidas* was lov'd,
Nor wilder *Cleon* leſs enamour'd prov'd.
The Lovers both attend the uſual Hour,
That brought *Myrtilla* from her fragrant Bow'r,
To breathe the balmy Morning's pleaſant Air;
Where, full of warm Deſires, the Swains prepare,
With Songs, and promis'd Gifts, to gain the Fair.

LYCIDAS.

A ſnowy Lamb I've bred, ſo full of Play,
'Twill entertain my Shepherdeſs all Day;
To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
From thy fair Hands alone to take its Food;
Then to expreſs its Joy, with many a Bound
And airy Friſk, 'twill ſeem to ſcorn the Ground.

And this, with all my future Vows, are thine,
If thou for me my Rival wilt decline,

CLEON.

My Proffers now, and artleſs Language hear,
And turn from his ſmooth Tales thy liſt'ning Ear;
For I can boaſt a Kid more white than Milk,
And ſofter far than the *Siberian* Silk:
Whene'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by;
And at your Feet, whene'er you ſit, 'twill lye,
If o'er the Plains you run with nimble Pace,
'Twill ſkip along, and ſeem to urge the Race.
And this, bright Maid, I frankly offer Thee,
To quit my Rival, and to live with Me.

MYRTILLA.

Have you indeed ſuch valu'd Things in Store,
And never boaſted of your Wealth before;
Your Offers, Gentle Youths, I own moſt fair;
And ſuch a Kid and Lamb are wond'rous rare.

What

What Virtue ſo ſevere, what Maid ſo vain,
Such Lovers and ſuch Preſents to diſdain!
Yet *Minx*, my Dog, I dare a Wager lay,
As many Tricks as both of them ſhall play.

LYCIDAS.

But I Two Sparrows will on Thee beſtow,
Their Plumes unſoil'd, and white as falling Snow;
Venus herſelf had warm'd them in her Breaſt,
Had her unlucky Son but found the Neſt.
The ſprightly Birds are bred ſo tame, they'll ſtand,
And chirp, and ſweetly prattle on thy Hand;
Wanton, among thy curling Locks they'll creep,
And, if permitted, in thy Boſom ſleep.

CLEON.

Fair Nymph, his boaſted Sparrows do not mind,
As good in ev'ry common Buſh I'll find.
But I a Pair of am'rous Doves will bring,
With ſhining Plumes, and nicely chequer'd Wing;

Their

Their changing Necks more various Colours ſhow,
Than *Iris* paints on the Celeſtial Bow;
Should *Cytherea* on them caſt an Eye,
The Birds ſhe'd with her Golden Apple buy.

MYRTILLA.

With ſuch fine Doves and Sparrows will you part,
Unthinking Youths, to ſuch a trifling Heart?
On *Venus*, who ſo well their Worth muſt know,
The wond'rous Birds you'd better far beſtow;
Your coſtly Zeal the Goddeſs may reward,
And your ſoft Vows propitiouſly regard.

LYCIDAS.

To crown thy Temples Garlands I'll compoſe
Of full-blown Lilies, and the budding Roſe;
With thoſe the Golden Hyacinth I'll twine,
And bluſhing Pinks, and purple Vi'lets join;
Freſh Noſegays from the Fields each Day I'll bring,
Made up of all the Sweetneſs of the Spring.

CLEON.

CLEON.

His Wreaths and painted Noſegays will decay,
And loſe their proudeſt Beauty in a Day.
But I've a Gift, which all his Trifles mocks;
As tow'rds the Beach, I lately drove my Flocks,
Three Coral-Sprigs I found among the Rocks:
Theſe, nicely plac'd among thy braided Hair,
As little Ornaments may ſerve my Fair.

MYRTILLA.

With yellow Hy'cinths, Pinks, and Vi'lets blue,
In Garlands wreath'd, and painted Noſegays too,
With Coral-Sprigs ſo deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
A Lady of the *May* I ſhall out-ſhine.
But while I trim my braided Locks ſo gay,
And waſte, in Dreſſing, Half the fleeting Day,
My Flocks, I fear, would, thus neglected, ſtray.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

As on *Alpheus'* Banks my Sheep were fed,
I form'd a little Barge of bending Reed,
So clofely wrought, and twifted round the Sides,
That on the dancing Waves ſecure it rides:
In this, if Thou wilt try the Silver Stream,
Another Sea-born Goddeſs thou ſhalt ſeem,
While Twelve white Swans, with wreathing Wood-
bines ty'd,
And taſſell'd Flow'rs, the floating Pomp ſhall guide.

CLEON.

On yonder Hill, with lofty Foreſts crown'd,
A Nymph of bright *Diana's* Train I found,
Who from her Siſters heedleſsly had ſtray'd,
And by a brutal Satyr ſeiz'd, the Maid
On her chaſte Goddeſs call'd aloud for Aid:
I to her Succour running, nimbly threw
A bearded Arrow, which the Monſter ſlew.

On

On me the grateful Virgin would beſtow
Her painted Quiver, and her poliſh'd Bow.
The Bow and gilded Shafts thou may'ſt command,
And both are worthy of *Diana*'s Hand:
Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the Woods ſhalt rove,
And ſeem another Goddeſs of the Grove.

MYRTILLA.

Thro' ſavage Woods to hunt wild Beaſts with thee,
To Love muſt needs a mighty Motive be;
But I the dang'rous Pleaſure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a Goddeſs of the Grove:
Nor leſs I fear to try the promis'd Boat,
And venture on the dancing Waves to float.
I've no Ambition o'er the Floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by Swans with wreathing Woodbines ty'd.
Rather ſecure thro' peaceful Vales I'd ſtray,
And watch my Flocks in humble Shades all Day.

But if a tender Thought could warm my Breaſt,
In Two ſuch worthy Lovers I were bleſt,
Whoſe Merits with ſuch equal Claims appear,
That 'twere Injuſtice either to prefer:
While Both rejected, Both muſt be content;
And, treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
But that, like Me, an Hour you've idly ſpent.

A

PASTORAL.

IN vain my Muse would imitate the Strains,
Which charm'd the Nymphs on *Windsor*'s verdant Plains,
Where *Pope*, with wond'rous Art, in tuneful Lays,
Won from *Apollo*'s Hand Immortal Bays.
The Morning scarce appear'd, when *Phyllis* rose,
And call'd *Amynta* from a short Repose;
With cautious Steps they left the peaceful Bow'r,
Both by Appointment chose the silent Hour,
To tell in rural Strains their mutual Care,
And the soft Secret of their Breast to share.
Securely seated near a purling Stream,
By Turns they sung, while Love supply'd the Theme.

PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS.

The ſtarry Lights above are ſcarce expir'd,
And ſcarce the Shades from open Plains retir'd:
The tuneful Lark has hardly ſtretch'd her Wing,
And warbling Linnets juſt begin to ſing;
Nor yet induſtr'ous Bees their Hives forſake,
Nor ſkim the Fiſh the Surface of the Lake.

AMYNTA.

Nor yet the Flow'rs diſcloſe their various Hue,
But fold their Leaves, oppreſs'd with hoary Dew,
Blue Miſts around conceal the neighb'ring Hills,
And duſky Fogs hang o'er the murm'ring Rills;
While *Zephyr* faintly ſighs among the Trees,
And moves the Branches with a lazy Breeze.
No jovial Pipe reſounds along the Plains,
Safe in their Hamlets ſleep the drouſy Swains.

PHYLLIS.

For me *Myrtillo* ſighs, the charming Youth,
Perſuades with ſo much Eloquence and Truth;
Whene'er he talks, my Flocks unheeded ſtray,
To hear him I could linger out the Day,
Untir'd 'till Night, 'till all the Stars were gone,
Till o'er the Eaſtern Hills the Moon came on.

AMYNTA.

For me *Sylvander* pines, as full of Truth;
In ſecret too, perhaps, I love the Youth,
Yet treat him ill, while with diſſembled Pride
I mock his Vows, his ſoft Complaints deride;
And fly him ſwifter, than a ſportive Fawn
Skips thro' the Woods, and dances o'er the Lawn.

PHYLLIS.

Unpractis'd in the Turns of Female Art,
My Looks declare the Meaning of my Heart;

To own ſo juſt and innocent a Flame,
Can fix no Blemiſh on a Virgin's Name:
When firſt my Lips the tender Truth confeſs'd,
A thouſand Joys *Myrtillo*'s Eyes expreſs'd.

AMYNTA.

No boaſting Swain ſuch Truths from me ſhall hear,
Such Words ſhall never reach *Sylvander*'s Ear.
With *Thiſbe* once, his favour'd Dog, I play'd,
Which from his Maſter thro' the Woods had ſtray'd;
Still on the Path my watchful Eyes I kept,
When from the Thickets the pleas'd Owner ſtept,
His ſmiling Looks an inward Joy confeſs'd,
To find by me the darling Dog careſs'd:
Surpriz'd from off my Lap his Dog I threw,
And ſwift as Lightning thro' the Foreſt flew.

PHYLLIS.

When e'er *Myrtillo*'s ſportive Kid I find,
With wreathing Flow'rs his twiſted Horns I bind,

And fondly ſtroke him in his Maſter's Sight,
Nor e'er abuſe the harmleſs Thing in ſpite,
Or think the guiltleſs Favour worth my Flight.

AMYNTA.

The Nymphs and Swains *Apollo*'s Revels grac'd,
In ſprightly Dances the ſmooth Green they trac'd;
Sylvander begg'd, I would his Partner ſtand.
I turn'd, and gave to *Corrilas* my Hand.

PHYLLIS.

I to *Myrtillo* did my Hand refuſe,
But after that no other Swain would chuſe;
At *Cynthia*'s Revels *Hylas* ſtrove in vain,
And *Lycidas* the Favour to obtain.

AMYNTA.

A Baſket of the fineſt Ruſhes wrought,
With Jaſs'min, Pinks and purple Violets fraught,
With modeſt Zeal to me *Sylvander* brought.

His Preſent I rejected with Diſdain,
And threw the fragrant Treaſures on the Plain;
Soon as the Youth retir'd, with wond'rous Care
I ſearch'd them round, nor wou'd one Bloſſom ſpare.
With ſome in Wreaths my curling Locks I grac'd,
And others nicely in my Boſom plac'd.

PHYLLIS.

Freſh Sprigs of Myrtle oft my Breaſt adorn,
And Roſes gather'd in a dewy Morn;
Of all the Gardens flow'ry Riches, theſe
Myrtillo loves, and I his Fancy pleaſe.

AMYNTA.

Sylvander told a Secret in my Ear,
Which twice I made Pretences not to hear;
He nearer drew, invited to the Bliſs,
And in the am'rous Whiſper ſtole a Kiſs;
My riſing Bluſhes the bold Thief reveal'd,
Dorinda ſcarce from laughing-out with-held;

I left the Shepherd, feign'd myself enrag'd,
And with his Rival in Discourse engag'd.

PHYLLIS.

In yonder Bow'r I sat, when tow'rds the Place
Myrtillo hasten'd, with a Lover's Pace;
I feign'd myself to careless Sleep resign'd,
My Head against a Mossy Bank reclin'd;
Approaching near — Sweet may thy Slumbers be,
He softly cry'd, and all thy Dreams of Me;
I laught, nor longer could conceal the Cheat,
But told the am'rous Youth the fond Deceit.

AMYNTA.

When in the echoing Vale *Sylvander* plays,
And on his Reed performs the Rural Lays,
Behind the shading Trees I oft retire,
And undiscover'd the sweet Notes admire;
But when in Public I his Numbers heard,
To His, unskilful *Egon*'s I preferr'd,

Tho'

Tho' with the Swain's expiring Melody
The Cuckoo's tireſome Note as well may vie.

PHYLLIS.

Whate'er *Myrtillo* dictates, meets Applauſe,
His Voice Attention, ſtill as Midnight, draws;
His Voice more gentle than the Summer's Breeze,
That mildly whiſpers thro' the waving Trees;
Soft as the Nightingale's complaining Song,
Or murm'ring Currents as they roll along:
Without Diſguiſe the ſkilful Youth I praiſe,
Admire his Numbers, and repeat his Lays.

PLATONIC LOVE.

I.

SO Angels Love! and all the reſt is Droſs;
Contracted, ſelfiſh, ſenſitive and groſs.
Unlike to This, all free and unconfin'd,
Is That bright Flame I bear thy brighter Mind.

II.

No ſtragling Wiſh, or Symptom of Deſire,
Comes near the Limits of this *Holy Fire*;
Yet 'tis intenſe and active, tho' ſo fine,
For all my pure Immortal Part is Thine.

III.

Why ſhou'd I then the Heav'nly Spark controul,
Since there's no brighter Ray in all my Soul,
Why ſhou'd I bluſh t' indulge the Noble Flame,
For which e'en Friendſhip's a degrading Name.

VI.

IV.

Nor is the Greatneſs of my Love to *Thee*,
A Sacrilege unto the DEITY,
Can I th' enticing *Stream* almoſt adore,
And not reſpect its lovely *Fountain* more?

HUMAN

HUMAN LOVE,

IN

ANSWER to the forgoing.

By a Country GENTLEMAN.

SO ANGELS Love! So let them love for Me;
As Mortal, I muſt like a Mortal *be*.
My Love's as pure as theirs, more unconfin'd;
I Love the Body, they but Love the Mind.

II.

Without Enjoyment, Can Deſire be ill,
For That which wou'd a Man with Pleaſure fill?
This more intenſe and active, ſure muſt be,
Since I, both *Soul* and *Body* give to *Thee*.

III.

This Flame as much of Heav'n as That contains,
And more, for unto That but Half pertains:
Friendſhip *One* Soul to th' *Other* doth unite,
But Love joins all, and therefore is more bright.

IV.

Neither doth Human Love, Religion harm,
But rather Us againſt our Vices arm:
Shall I not for a charming Miſtreſs die?
When Heav'n commands INCREASE *and* MULTIPLY.

REPLY

REPLY
TO
HUMAN LOVE.

I.

SOME *Tuneful* BEING now my Breast inspire
With Thoughts as Noble, as Celestial Fire;
For CLITUS is my Theme;
But ah in vain, borne on *Pindaric* Wings,
My vent'rous Muse
The mighty Aim pursues:
For to his native Skies, still CLITUS mounts and sings,
And we are distant still, to an Extream.

Behold

Behold the Heav'nly Charmer, keeps aloft;
While Angels croud, and liſten to his Song;
And not one Angel-Critic in the Throng
Who durſt correct a Thought.
So Nobly are *they* dreſs'd,
So Gracefully expreſs'd;
So ſmoothly glide the Numbers from his Tongue;
So well his Touch the charming Strings Obey,
That all his Heav'nly Auditors admire,
To hear him ſing, with as much Skill as They.
His Voice and Theme did ſo their Harps inſpire;
That the glad Anthem they repeat agen,
Glory to God on high, Peace and Good-Will to Men.

TO A

FRIEND

WHO

Perſuades me to leave the *Muſes.*

FOREGO the charming Muſes! No, in ſpite
Of your ill-natur'd Prophecy I'll write;
And for the future paint my Thoughts at large,
I waſte no Paper at the Hundred's Charge:
I rob no Neighb'ring Geeſe of *Quills*, nor ſlink,
For a Collection, to the Church for *Ink*:
Beſide, my Muſe is the moſt gentle Thing
That ever yet made an Attempt to ſing:
I call no Lady Punk, nor Gallants Fops,
Nor ſet the Married World an edge for Ropes;

Yet I'm ſo nat'rally inclin'd to Rhyming,
That undeſign'd, my Thoughts burſt out a Chiming;
My active Genius will by no means ſleep,
Pray let it then its proper Channel keep.
I've told you, and you may believe me too,
That I muſt this, or greater Miſchief do;
And let the World think me inſpir'd, or mad,
I'll ſurely write whilſt Paper's to be had;
Since Heav'n to me has a Retreat aſſign'd,
That would inſpire a leſs harmonious Mind.
All that a Poet loves I have in View,
Delightſome Hills, refreſhing Shades, and pleaſant Vallies too;
Fair ſpreading Meadows cloath'd with laſting Green,
And Sunny Banks with gliding Streams between,
Gay as *Elyſium*, in a Lover's Dream,
Or *Flora*'s Manſion, ſeated by a Stream,
Where free from ſullen Cares I live at Eaſe,
Indulge my Muſe, and Wiſhes, as I pleaſe,

Exempt from all that looks like Want or Strife,
I ſmoothly paſs along the Plains of Life:
Thus Fate conſpires; which Way then can I move?
Beſides, my Friend, I'm veh'mently in Love,
This Truth there's not a Willow Sprig but knows,
In whoſe ſad Shade I breathe my watchful Woes.
But why for theſe ſlight Reaſons do I pauſe,
When I've a cogent one at hand, *Becauſe!*

And that my Muſe may take no counter Spell,
I fairly bid the Boarding-School farewel:
No young Impertinent ſhall here intrude,
And coax me from this bliſsful Solitude.
Spite of her Heart, my Dame ſhall damn no more
Great SEDLEY's Plays, tho' never look'd 'em o'er;
Affront my Novels, no, nor in a Rage,
Force DRYDEN's lofty Products from the Stage,
Whilſt all the reſt of the melodious Crew,
With the Whole Syſtem of *Athenians* too,
For Study's Sake, out of the Window flew.

But I to Church ſhall fill her Train no more,
And walk as if I ſojourn'd by the Hour.
To Dancing-Maſter I have bid adieu,
Fall off, and on, be hang'd, and Coopee too
Thy ſelf for me, my cap'ring Days are o'er,
Th' inſpir'd *Bacchanals* I'll act no more.
Eight Notes muſt for another *Treble* look,
In Burleſque to make Faces by the *Book*.
My darling *Pencil*, and *Japanning* too,
And pretty *Cupid* in the *Glaſs*, Adieu!
And ſince the deareſt Friends that are muſt part,
Old Governeſs farewel, with all my Heart.
Now welcome peaceful Shades and murm'ring Springs,
And welcome all th'inſpiring tender Things,
That pleaſe my Genius, ſuit my Make and Years,
Unburden'd yet with *all* but *Lovers-Cares*.

A

PINDARIC ODE,

TO THE

ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

I.

EACH String I've touch'd, each Muſe I have invok'd,
Yet ſtill the mighty Theme,
Copes my unequal Praiſe;
Perhaps the God of Numbers is provok'd,
I graſp a Subject fit for none but him,
Or DRYDEN's ſweeter Lays:
DRYDEN! a Name I ne'er could yet rehearſe,
But ſtrait my Thoughts were all transform'd to Verſe.

II.

And now methinks I rise;
But still the lofty Subject baulks my Flight,
And still my Muse despairs to do great *Athens* Right;
Yet takes the zealous Tribute which I bring,
The early Products of a Female Muse;
Until the God into my Breast shall mightier Thoughts infuse,
When I with more Command, and prouder Voice shall sing:
But how shall I describe the matchless Men?
I'm lost in the bright Labyrinth agen.

III.

When this lewd Age, as ignorant as accurst,
Arriv'd in Vice and Error to the worst,
And like *Astrea*, banish'd from the Stage,
Virtue and Truth were ready stretch'd for Flight;
Their num'rous Foes,
Scarce one of either's Champion's ventur'd to oppose;
Scarce one brave Mind, dust openly engage,
To do them Right.

Till prompted with a gen'rous Rage,
You cop'd with all th' Abuſes of the Age;
Unmask'd and challeng'd its abhorred Crimes,
Nor fear'd to laſh the Vices of the Times.

IV.

Succeſsfully go on,
T' inform and bleſs Mankind, as you've begun,
Till like your ſelves they ſee,
The frantic World's imagin'd Joys to be,
Unmanly, ſenſual, and effeminate,
Till they, with ſuch exalted Thoughts poſſeſt,
As you've inſpir'd into my willing Breaſt,
Are charm'd, like me, from the impending Fate.

V.

But ah! Forgive me Heav'n, I bluſh to ſay't,
I, with the vulgar World, thought Irreligion great,
Tho' fine my Breeding, and my Notions high;
Tho' train'd in the bright Tracts of ſtricteſt Piety,

I, like my ſplendid Tempters, ſoon grew vain,
And laid my ſlighted Innocence aſide;
Yet oft my nobler Thoughts I have bely'd,
And to be ill, was ev'n forc'd to feign.

VI.

Until by You,
With more Heroic Sentiments inſpir'd,
I turn'd, and ſtood the vig'rous Torrent too,
And at my former weak Retreat admir'd;
So much was I by your Example fir'd,
So much the Heav'nly Form did win,
Which to my Eyes you'ad painted Virtue in.

VII.

O! could my Verſe,
With equal Flights, to After-times rehearſe
Your Fame; it ſhould as bright and deathleſs be,
As that Immortal Flame you've rais'd in me.

A Flame which Time,
And Death itſelf wants Power to controul,
Not more ſublime,
Is the divine Compoſure of my Soul;
A Friendſhip ſo exalted and immenſe,
A Female Breaſt did ne'er before commence.

TO
CELINDA.

I.

I Can't, CELINDA, ſay I Love,
But rather I Adore,
When with tranſported Eyes I view
Your ſhining Merits o'er.

II.

A Fame ſo ſpotleſs and ſerene,
A Virtue ſo refin'd;
And Thoughts as great, as e'er was yet
Graſp'd by a Female Mind.

III.

III.

There Love and Honour, dreſs'd in all
Their genuine Charms, appear;
And, with a pleaſing Force, at once
They conquer and endear.

IV.

Celeſtial Flames are ſcarce more bright,
Than thoſe your Worth inſpires,
So Angels love, and ſo they burn
In juſt ſuch Holy Fires.

V.

Then let's, my dear CELINDA, thus
Bleſs'd in ourſelves, contemn
The treach'rous and deluding Arts,
Of thoſe baſe Things, call'd Men.

THE FEMALE PASSION.

I.

A Thouſand great Reſolves, as great
As Reaſon could inſpire,
I have commenc'd; but ah! how ſoon
The daring Thoughts expire!

II.

Honour and Pride I've often rouz'd,
And bid 'em bravely ſtand,
But ere my charming Foe appears,
They cowardly disband.

III.

III.

One Dart from his Inſulting Eyes,
Eyes I'm undone to meet,
Throws all my boaſting Faculties
At the lov'd Tyrant's Feet.

FEMALE PASSION.

IV.

I.

In vain, alas! 'tis all in vain,
To ſtruggle with my Fate;
I'm ſure I ne'er ſhall ceaſe to love,
Much leſs can e'er I hate!

V.

II.

Againſt relentleſs Deſtiny,
Hopeleſs to overcome,
Not SYSIPHUS more ſadly ſtrives
With his *Eternal Doom*.

TO

STEPHON.

TO Me his Sighs, to Me are all his Vows,
But there's my Hell, the Depth of all my Woes,
We burn alike, but O! the diſtant Bliſs,
A View of That my greateſt Torment is;
Accurſt Ambition, grov'ling Intereſt,
Such hated Crimes as yet did never reſt
Within my Soul, muſt now unjuſtly keep
Me from my Heav'n! would they may ſink as deep,
As that black *Chaos* whence they ſprung, and leave
Thoſe Mortals wretched which they now deceive.

TO

TO

MORESTES.

TO vex thy Soul with theſe unjuſt Alarms,
Fie, dear miſtruſtful, can'ſt thou doubt thy Charms;
Or think a Breaſt ſo young and ſoft as Mine,
Could e'er reſiſt ſuch killing Eyes as Thine?
Not love Thee! witneſs all ye Powers above,
(That know my Heart) to what Exceſs I love,
How many tender Sighs for Thee I've ſpent,
I who ne'er knew what ſerious Paſſion meant,
Till to revenge his ſlighted Votaries,
The God of Love, couch'd in thy beauteous Eyes
At once inſpir'd and fix'd my roving Heart,
Which till that Moment ſcorn'd his proudeſt Dart.

And now I languiſh out my Life for Thee,
As others unregarded do for Me;
Silent as Night, and penſive as a Dove,
Thro' Shades more gloomy than my Thoughts I rove,
With downcaſt Eyes, as languiſhing an Air,
The Emblem I, of Love, and of Deſpair.

ANSWER

BY THE

ATHENIANS.

WHAT *Charms* to Two ſuch *Feuds* would equal prove?
You are *poſſeſs'd* with *Poetry* and *Love*.
Fruitleſs Experiments no more we'll try;
Loſt to Advice, *Rhyme* on, *Love* on, and *Die*.

TO A

LADY at Court.

I.

COME, pr'ythee leave the *Courts*,
And range the *Fields* with me;
A thousand pretty Rural Sports
I'll here invent for Thee.

II.

WHAT Charms to Two such Hearts would
Involv'd in blissful Innocence,
We'll spend the shining Day,
Untouch'd with that mean Influence
The duller World obey.

III.

III.

About the flow'ry Plains we'll rove,
As gay and unconfin'd,
As are, inſpir'd by Thee and Love,
The Sallies of my Mind.

IV.

Now ſeated by a lovely Stream,
Where beauteous Mermaids haunt;
My Song, while NASSAU is my Theme,
Shall Them and Thee inchant.

V.

Then in ſome gentle ſoft Retreat,
Secure as *Venus*-Groves,
We'll all the charming Things repeat
That introduc'd our Loves.

VII.

I'll pluck freſh Garlands for thy Brows,
Sweet as a *Zephyr's* Breath,
As fair and well deſign'd as thoſe
Th' *Elyſium* Lovers-Wreath.

VII.

And like thoſe happy Lovers we,
As careleſs and as bleſt,
Shall in each others Converſe be
Of the whole world poſſeſt.

VIII.

Then pr'ythee, PHYLLIS, leave the Courts,
And range the *Fields* with me;
Since I ſo many harmleſs Sports
Can here procure for Thee.

THE VISION, TO THERON.

NOW gentle Sleep my willing Eyes had clos'd,
And this gay Scene the smiling God impos'd,
Methought I in a Myrtle Shade was plac'd,
My Tresses curl'd, my Brows with Laurel grac'd;
Fresh was the Air, serenely bright the Day,
And all around look'd ravishingly gay,
Active my Thoughts, my Lyre was in my Hand,
And once more THERON did my Voice command;
Once more the Charming *Hero* did inspire
My daring Muse with an Heroic Fire;

The ſmiling CUPIDS ſoftly flutter'd round,
Till animated with the gen'rous Sound,
Like fighting Gods, each ſhook his Dart and frown'd.
The liſtning Streams, inchanted with my Song,
Scarce drove their ſtill preceding Waves along;
Whilſt o'er, and o'er, obliging Echo bears,
Thro' ev'ry Cavern the immortal Airs;
About my Lips th' impatient *Zephyrs* hung,
To ſnatch the tuneful Numbers from my Tongue;
And the pleas'd Graces crouded round, to hear
their Darling ſung.
The QUEEN of *Beauty*, and her *Doves*, ſtood by,
When I, to pleaſe the Lovely *Deity*,
Told her, what Looks, what Eyes, and Smiles He had,
Not her own Charms more fatally betray'd:
At ev'ry Strain the wounded Goddeſs ſighs,
Strains ſweet and powerful, as her own Fair Eyes.
Then, ſmiling, tow'rds her own bright Orb ſhe flew,
And, with her, all the ſanguine Viſions drew.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

WITHIN the cloſe Receſſes of a Shade,
A Shade for Holy Contemplation made,
No beauteous Branch, no Plant, or fragrant Flow'r,
But flouriſh'd near this fair delicious Bow'r:
With charming State its lofty Arches riſe,
Adorn'd with Bloſſoms, as with Stars the Skies:
All pure and fragrant was the Air I drew,
Which Winds thro' Myrtle-Groves and Orange blew;
Clear Waves along with pleaſing Murmur ruſh,
And down the artful Falls, in Cat'racts guſh.
'Twas here, within this happy Place retir'd,
Harmonious Pleaſures all my Soul inſpir'd;
I take my Lyre and try each tuneful String,
Now War, now Love, and Beauty's Force would ſing;
To Heav'nly Subjects now, in ſerious Lays,
I ſtrive my faint, unſkilful Voice to raiſe,

But as I unreſolv'd and doubtful lay,
My Cares in eaſy Slumbers glide away;
Nor with ſuch pleaſing Sleep, ſuch ſoothing Reſt,
And Dreams like This I e'er before was bleſt;
No wild uncouth Chimeras intervene,
To break this perfect Intellectual Scene.

The Place was all with Heav'nly Light o'erflown,
And Glorious with Immortal Splendor ſhone;
When lo! a bright Ætherial Youth drew near,
Ineffable his Motions and his Air,
A ſoft, beneficent expreſsleſs Grace,
With Life's moſt florid Bloom adorn'd his Face;
His Brows a Laurel, ever green, did bind,
And long his radiant Hair fell down behind,
His Azure-Robes hung free and waving with the Wind.
Angelic his Addreſs, his tuneful Voice
Inſpir'd a Thouſand elevating Joys:
When thus the wond'rous Youth his Silence broke,
And with an Accent all Seraphic ſpoke.

To Heav'n, nor longer pauſe, devote thy Songs,
To Heav'n the Muſe's Sacred Art belongs;
Let God's unbounded Glory be thy Theme,
Who fills th' Eternal Regions with his Fame;
And when Death's fatal Sleep ſhall cloſe thine Eyes,
In Triumph We'll attend Thee to the Skies;
We'll Crown Thee there, with everlaſting Bays;
And teach Thee all our moſt Celeſtial Lays,
Thus ſpoke, the ſhining VISION upwards flies,
And darts like Light'ning thro' the op'ning Skies.

FLORINDA

I.

SO brightly ſweet FLORINDA's Eyes,
Their riſing Beams diſplay,
That as the ſcorched *Indians*, we
Even dread the coming Day.

II.

For if her Morning Rays with ſuch
Unuſual Vigour Stream,
How muſt th' unhappy World be ſcorch'd,
With her Meridian Beam?

III.

If now ſhe innocently kills
With an un-aiming Dart,
Who ſhall reſiſt her when, with Skill,
She levels at a Heart?

IV.

If with ſuch Smiles the pretty Nymph,
Now captivate the Senſe,
What when her Glory's at the Heighth
Will be their Influence?

ON

DESPAIR.

WHEN the intruding Horrors of the Night,
Had juſt depriv'd our Hemiſphere of Light,
And ſable Foldings ſeem'd to imitate
The Blackneſs and Confuſion of my Fate,
As by a River's Side I walk'd along,
Uncurl'd and looſe my artleſs Treſſes hung:
Deſpair and Love were ſeated in my Face,
Then down I ſunk, upon the bending Graſs,
There to the Streams, my mournful Griefs relate,
And curs'd the Stars that over-rul'd my Fate;
To ſee my Tears the gentle Floods ſwell high,
The Rocks relent, and groan as oft as I;
The Winds, leſs deaf than my ungrateful Swain,
Liſten, and breathe o'er all my Sighs again.

Ah! never, never, ſaid I with an Air,
That the poor paying Echo griev'd to hear,
And ſoftly, fearing to increaſe my Pain,
No, never, never, ſhe reply'd again,
Then all Things elſe, as Trifles I deſpiſe,
Said I, and ſmiling clos'd my wretched Eyes.

THE DIVINE ARCHITECT.

NOR yet the crude Materials of the Earth
Were form'd; nor Time, nor Motion yet had Birth:
Nor yet one ſolitary Spark of Light,
Glar'd thro' the duſky Shades of ancient Night,
Nor on the barren Waſtes of endleſs Space,
As yet were circumſcrib'd the Bounds of Place;
When at th' Almighty's Word from NOTHING ſprings
The firſt confus'd ORIGINAL of THINGS.
Whatever now the Heav'ns wide Arms embrace,
Together then lay blended in a Maſs,
The Dull, the Active, the Refin'd and Baſe,

The

The Cold, the Hot, the Temp'rate Moiſt, and Dry,
All mingled in profound Diſorder lye;
In one prodigious undiſtinguiſh'd Heap,
Th' extremeſt Contraries of Nature ſleep:
Nor yet the ſprightly Seeds of Fire aſcend,
Nor downwards yet the pond'rous Atoms tend.
A mon'ſtrous Face the *New Creation* wears,
And void of Order, Form and Light appears;
Till the Almighty *Fiat* once again
Pronounc'd, did Motion to each Part ordain,
Awoke the tender Principles of Life,
And urg'd the growing Elemental Strife.
When lo! Confuſions Infinite ariſe,
From Nature's moſt remote Antipathies:
But while againſt them furious Oppoſites,
Each Hoſtile Atom all its Force unites,
Their own lov'd Species, thro' the formleſs Maſs,
With am'rous Zeal officiouſly they trace,
And join, and mingle, in a ſtrict Embrace.

The lively, ſhining, Particles of Light,
On daz'ling Wings attempt their nimble Flight.
The fine tranſparent Air, with mighty Force,
Thro' fix'd and fluid, upward takes its Courſe;
The groſſer Seeds with heavy Motion preſs,
And meeting in the midſt, the Cent'ral Parts poſſeſs;
While the united Waves, without Controul,
Around the ſlimy Surface proudly roul,
Till great *Jehovah*'s Word their Force divides,
When lo! the Deep by ſmooth Degrees ſubſides;
Behold! the ſtately riſing Mountains leave
Their ouzy Beds: See next the Vallies cleave,
The congregated Waters to revive.
Then down the ſinking Billows calmly go,
Part to the Subterranean Caves below,
And Part around the Hills in circling Currents flow.
Next then the ſlimy, ſoft, fermenting Earth,
Prepar'd to give her various Species Birth,
Obedient to the Voice, produces All
Her boundleſs Stores, at her Creator's Call.

A ſudden Spring at his Command aroſe,
And various Plants their verdant Tops diſcloſe:
The teeming Ground to riſing Groves gives way,
Whoſe Leaves and Bloſſoms inſtantly diſplay,
And ev'ry Branch with tempting Fruit looks gay.
When God again, whoſe active Word fulfil'd,
Exactly All the mighty Things he will'd,
Commands, and ſtrait the Heav'nly Arches riſe,
And kindling Glories brighten all the Skies.
A ſudden Day with gaudy Luſtre gilds
Th' expanded Air, the new-made Streams and Fields;
Ten Thouſand ſprightly daz'ling Lights advance,
And tremb'ling Rays in the wide Æther dance:
The Sun, beyond 'em all immenſe and gay,
Aſſumes the bright Dominion of the Day;
And whirling up the Skies with rapid Force,
Along the radiant *Zone* begins his deſtin'd Courſe.
When now another Efficacious Word,
The Air, and Earth, and Watry Regions ſtor'd:

The numur'ous Vehicles for Breath prepar'd,
The mighty Summons of their Maker heard;
And from the Bosom of their native Clay
Sprung into Life, and caught the Vital Ray;
Millions of footed Creatures range the Woods,
Millions with Fins divide the Cryſtal Floods;
Millions beſide, with wanton Liberty,
On painted Wings, riſe ſinging to the Sky:
But laſt of all, Two of a noble Kind,
After the brighteſt Model in his Mind,
With Care the ARCHITECT-DIVINE deſign'd:
Beyond his other Works, compleat and fair
He form'd with ev'ry Grace the lovely Pair,
Adorn'd with Beauty, crown'd with Dignity,
Immortal, God-like, Rational and Free:
Serene Impreſſions of a Stamp Divine
Upon their matchleſs Faces clearly ſhine.
In deep Suſpence, and at Themſelves amaz'd,
With anxious Eyes they on each other gaz'd;

Themſelves, and all the fair Creation round,
Survey, and ſtill freſh Cauſe of Wonder found.
For now in their Primæval Luſtre gay,
The Earth and Heav'ns their utmoſt Pride diſplay.
The blazing Sun from his Meridian Height,
Thro' an unclouded Sky darts round his Light.
The Fields, the Floods and all th' enlighten'd Air,
In open Day look raviſhingly fair.
The bright Carnation and the bluſhing Roſe,
Their Beauties freſh with Heav'nly Dew diſcloſe.
The noble Am'ranths ſhow their Purple Dye,
Splendid as that which paints the Morning Sky.
Ten Thouſand od'rous Flow'rs of various Hue,
In ev'ry Shade and Plain ſpontaneous grew;
And down the ſmooth Deſcent of verdant Hills,
From Marble Fountains guſh a Thouſand Rills;
Thro' many a pleaſant Shade they murm'ring go,
And mingle with the larger Streams below,
Which thro' the flow'ry Vallies ſoftly flow:

And all along their lovely ſpacious Banks,
Immortal Trees are plac'd in equal Ranks;
Whoſe charming Shapes their Maker might delight,
And Angels from their Heav'nly Bowers invite;
Here gentle Breezes from their Spicy Wings,
Shed all the Odors of a Thouſand Springs;
The warbling Choireſters on Branchs ſing,
And all the Groves with chearful Echoes ring.

Hail! Holy *Founder* of the *Univerſe!*
Still ſhall my Song thy Glorious Deeds rehearſe:
Thy Praiſe, whatever Subject Others chuſe,
Shall ever be the Theme of my aſpiring Muſe.

TO

MEMORY.

BEST Gift that Heav'n's Indulgence could beſtow!
To Thee our ſureſt Happineſs we owe;
Thou all the flying Pleaſures doſt reſtore,
Which but for Thee, bleſt MEM'RY! were no more;
For we no ſooner graſp ſome frail Delight,
But ready for its everlaſting Flight,
E'er we can call the haſty Bliſs our own,
If not retain'd by *Thee*, it is for ever gone.
Thou to the kind ſucceſsful *Lover's* Heart,
A Thouſand melting Raptures doſt impart,
When yet more lovely than herſelf, and kind,
Thou bring'ſt his fancy'd *Miſtreſs* to his Mind;
The flatt'ring Image wears a livelier Grace,
A ſofter Mien, and more inticing Face.

Thou from the flying Minutes doſt retrieve,
The Joys CLORINDA's Wit and Beauty give;
Thoſe Joys which I had once poſſeſs'd in vain,
Did not the dear Remembrance ſtill remain,
Methinks ſhe ſpeaks, and all my Soul inſpires,
Brightens each Thought, and gives my Muſe new Fires;
'Tis ſhe who lends my daring Fancy Wings,
Softens my Lyre, and tunes its warbling Strings.
Thou only to the Guilty art ſevere,
Who the Review of their paſt Actions fear;
But to the Innocent and Virtuous Mind,
Art ſtill propitious, ſmiling ſtill, and kind,
To *Thee* we all thoſe charming Pleaſures owe,
The Pleaſures which from gen'rous Actions flow,
They're ſtill the Nobleſt we poſſeſs below.

SONG.

HE's gone the bright Way, that his Honour directs him,
O! all ye kind Powers, let me beg you protect him:
He's gone, my dear *Strephon*, and left me here mourning,
But hang these dull Thoughts, I'll fancy him returning:
Returning, I'll think the great *Hero*, Victorious,
With Joy to my Arms, as faithful as glorious:
Against his bright Eyes, I am sure there's no standing;
He looks like a God, and moves as commanding.
With a Face so Angelic the Foe will be charmed,
The Conquest were his, tho' he met 'em disarm'd.
They could not be, sure, of a rational Nature,
That wou'd not relent at so moving a Feature.

Venus diſguis'd he'll be thought by his Beauty;
And ſpar'd from the Senſe of a generous Duty.
Yet when I reflect on the Wounded and Dying,
In Spite of my Courage, it ſets me a ſighing.
But the reſolute Brave no Danger can ſtay him,
Tho' I us'd all my Charms, all my Arts to delay him.
Yet O! ye kind Powers, you are bound to protect him,
Since he's gone the bright Way that Glory directs him.

A

Farewel to LOVE.

WELL, ſince in Spite of all that Love can do,
The dang'rous Steps of Honour you'll purſue,
I'll juſt grow Wiſe and Philoſophic too:
I'll bid theſe tender ſilly Things Farewel;
And Love, with thy great Antidote, expel:

I'll tread the ſame ambitious Paths with Thee,
And Glory too ſhall be my Deity.
I'll therefore now releaſe my Train of Fools,
In pure Good-Nature to the loving Souls;
For Pity's-ſake at laſt I'll ſet to rights
The vain Conceits of the preſumptuous Wights:
For tho' I ſhake off THERON's Chains, yet He
Is all that e'er deſerv'd a Smile from me.
But he's unjuſt, and falſe; yet I a Part,
Would not accept, tho' of a Monarch's Heart.
Therefore ye flatt'ring Hopes and Wiſhes too,
With all Loves ſoft Concomitants, Adieu:
No more to its Imperious Yoke I'll bow;
Pride and Reſentment fortify me now.
My Inclinations are revers'd; nor can
I but abhor the Slavery of Man,
Howe'er the empty Lords of Nature boaſt,
O'er me, their fond Prerogative is loſt:
For, uncontroul'd I thus reſolve to rove,
And hear no more of HYMEN, or of LOVE:

No

No more ſuch wild fantaſtic things ſhall charm
My Breaſt; nor my ſerener Thoughts alarm.
No more for Sport I'll make a Lover creep,
And look like ſilly Wretch who bit a Sheep;
Nor with diſſembled Smiles indulge the Fops,
In pure Revenge to their audacious Hopes;
Tho' at my Feet a thouſand Victims lay,
I'd proudly ſpurn the whining Slaves away:
Deaf as the Winds, or THERON, would I prove,
And hear no more of HYMEN, or of LOVE.
Like bright DIANA now I'll range the Woods,
And haunt the ſilent Shades and ſilver Floods;
I'll find out the remoteſt Paths I can,
To ſhun th' offenſive, hated Face of Man;
Where I'll Indulge my Liberty and Bliſs,
And no ENDYMION ſhall obtain a Kiſs.
Now, CUPID, mourn, th' Inlargment of my Fate,
Thou'aſt loſt a Politician in thy State:
I could have taught Thee, hadſt thou loſt thy Arms,
To fool the World with more deluſive Charms:

I could have made thy Taper burn more bright,
And wing thy Shafts with an unerring Flight:
'Twas I directed that ſucceſsful Dart,
Which found its Way to the Great STREPHON's Heart:
'Twas I who made the lovely FLATMAN bow,
A proud Contemner of thy Laws, till now;
I ſung thy Power, and inſpir'd the Swains,
Or thou hadſt been no Deity on the Plains,
Yet think no more my Freedom to ſurprize,
Which nothing can controul but THERON's Eyes;
And ev'ry flatt'ring Smile, and ev'ry Grace,
With all the Air of that bewitching Face,
My Pride and Reſolutions may defaee:
From whom thoſe Eyes for ever I'll remove,
To ſhun the Sight of what I would not love:
And then, tho' ev'ry *Cyclop* ſtretch'd his Art,
To form the little angry *God* a Dart,
I'll yet defy his Rage to touch my Heart:
For tho' my Years compel me, in Diſdain,
Of the falſe Charmer meanly to complain;

'Tis

'Tis yet ſome Satisfaction to my Mind,
I for his Sake abandon all Mankind.
My prouder Muſe, to love no more a Slave,
Shall ſing the Juſt, the Fortunate, and Brave,
And twine her promis'd Wreaths for THERON's Brow,
The *Hero*, not the faithleſs Lover now.
More blooming Glories may'ſt thou ſtill acquire,
And urge my Breaſt with a more active Fire;
May new Succeſſes wait upon thy Sword,
And deathleſs Honour all thy Acts record;
May all Thou doſt thy Character compleat;
And, like thy ſelf, be Loyal ſtill and Great:
Whilſt in an equal Orb as free I move,
And think no more of HYMEN, or of LOVE.

LOVE for LOVE.

AN

Epiſtle to CLYMENE.

By THOMAS ROWE Eſq;

STILL muſt we mourn thy Abſence? ſtill complain,
And court Thee from thy ſad Retreat in vain?
When teeming Earth with fruitful Moiſture fed,
Brings forth new Flow'rs, to deck the Paths You tread;
When each returning Morn ſhines doubly bright,
And each cool Ev'ning brings a charming Night,
The Country-Shades may yield a ſoft Delight.
But when o'er All the ſavage Winter reigns,
Makes bare the Groves, and deſolates the Plains;

When Nature's Face is chang'd, and ev'ry Day
Snatches ſome poor, decaying Charm away,
'Tis Madneſs, dear *Clymene*, then to ſtay.
What new, unheard-of Pleaſures can'ſt Thou find;
What ſtrange Delights, to entertain thy Mind?
Or do important Reaſons force thy Will,
And to the gloomy Scene confine thee ſtill?
I gueſs the mighty Cauſe: Thou fear'ſt to prove,
In this vile Town, the dreadful Thing call'd Love.
The little Tyrant reigns amidſt the Sport,
The Smiles and Pleaſures of the Town and Court.
Nor only there; Him ev'n the Wilds obey,
And Country-Defarts own his aweful Sway.
In vain to Woods and Solitudes we fly,
In vain the City change for purer Sky;
More dang'rous ev'n than Courts the Shades may prove,
And with more Eaſe admit th' Invader, Love.
Wild was the Place, and ſavage all around,
Where fair *Angelica* young *Medar* found.

Severe

Severe the Dame, but grave, and ſternly coy;
Am'rous, ſoft too, and tender was the Boy:
You know the reſt—Then haſte from your Abodes,
Leave the weak Shelter of the Fields and Woods:
O! come, and in a Thouſand Breaſts inſpire
Succeſsleſs Rage, and unavailing Fire.
Nor dread th'Effects of all their treach'rous Arts,
Their boaſted Stratagems to conquer Hearts:
Unleſs the Fates aſſiſt, their moving Tale
Will never o'er your native Cold prevail.
To prove this true, believe the Tale I tell;
Not Oracles more Sacred Truths reveal.

As wand'ring penſive thro' the ſilent Groves,
I meditate my Sorrows and my Loves;
Daphnis, the Terror of our Woods, I view;
A mightier Name Love's Empire never knew:
None e'er ſo well an haughty Breaſt cou'd tame,
Or warms to Fires unknown the coldeſt Dame.
Proſtrate before an heedleſs Fair he lies,
Sheds fruitful Tears, and waſtes a Thouſand Sighs;

Then

Then Love and Sorrow pleading in his Look,
Thus to the Cruel Nymph the Charmer ſpoke.
How long, my Fair, wilt Thou thy Fate delay?
Still wilt Thou idly waſte the precious Day,
And in Indifference loiter Life away?
Hear always with Contempt my tender Theme,
Deſpiſe Love's Pleaſures, and his Pow'r blaſpheme?
Ah! no: The Joys my Paſſion courts in vain,
Another Shepherd with more Eaſe will gain;
His happier Flame will thy fierce Pride remove,
Subdue thy ſtubborn Heart, and melt it all to Love.
All Nature owns the God: In barb'rous Plains,
Where Half the Year is Night, and Cold eternal reigns,
The frozen Race is warm'd to ſoft Deſires,
And feels in ev'ry Vein the Genial Fires.
However diſtant, the dread Hour muſt come,
Which all thy fading Beauties will reſume:
Then in a juſt Revenge, th' offended Boy
May give his Suff'rings, and withhold his Joy;

Send

Send a freſh Warmth, as ev'ry Charm decays,
And wild Deſires you want the Pow'r to raiſe.
Ah! Nymph, the Horror of this Fate prevent,
Appeaſe the angry God, and yet in time repent.
Let taſteleſs Age th' Extatic Bliſs deſpiſe,
Grow coldly grave, and ſtoically wiſe;
Do You, my Fair, while blooming Youth invites
To warmer Sentiments, and gay Delights,
Your Scorn and dull Indiff'rence diſpoſſeſt,
Receive the gentle Tyrant to your Breaſt;
Reward a conſtant Flame, and yield to prove
The mighty Tranſports of a *Mutual-Love*.
No other ſolid Bleſſings Mortals know,
Nor Heav'n can on its Fav'rites more beſtow,
To give a Taſte of its own Joys below.

He ceas'd—The Neighb'ring Echoes caught the Sound,
The little Birds ſung tender Notes around;
The liſt'ning Waves in gentle Murmurs move,
And ev'ry balmy *Zephyr* whiſper'd Love;

Yet

Yet her cold Heart in Silence heard his Pain;
When the Heart's ſilent, all Things ſpeak in vain.

The WHIM.

NEAR a clear Stream, beneath a cooling Shade,
Charming Retreat, the penſive *Iris* ſtray'd;
Iris, a Name to diſtant Nations known,
By her fam'd Verſes Beauties, and her Own.
Heedleſs She rov'd; for nor the murm'ring Sound
Of the ſmooth Waves, nor Flow'rs that deck'd the Ground,
Nor the Birds tender Songs could charm the Fair,
Or eaſe her gloomy Thoughts and melancholy Care.
At laſt She cries, Fond Love, I own no more
Thy aweful Tyranny, and boaſted Pow'r;
No more thro' Thee tumultuous Fears ariſe,
Sighs from my Breaſt, and Torrents from my Eyes:

A Native Coldneſs reigns in ev'ry Part,
And all is calm and quiet in my Heart.
But ah! how poorly I that Calmneſs taſte,
Forc'd to regret ev'n all my Suff'ring paſt.
Alas! th'unwary Soul but little knows,
That wiſhes for the Bleſſings of Repoſe.
In the ſad State of Idleneſs and Eaſe,
When Nothing buſies, Nothing too can pleaſe.
The treach'rous Tyrant, Love, leſs faintly charms,
Sweet are his Ills, and pleaſing all his Harms:
The Mind each Moment to Delights improves;
For all is Pleaſures to an Heart that loves.
In what a tedious Round of Griefs he lives,
Who, wretched, his own Tenderneſs ſurvives!
Can one that ever felt an am'rous Pain,
Unloving, Life's vexatious Load ſuſtain?
Loſe ev'ry ling'ring Hour, and waſte away
In dull, unactive Indolence, the Day?
Ah! no: Return, ſoft God; reſume thy Reign,
Bring with thee all thy Fires, to kindle mine again:
Alas! thou wilt not come; and all my Calls are vain;

Cruel!

Cruel ! Thou cam'ſt an uninvited Gueſt,
And mad'ſt, unſought, a Paſſage to my Breaſt :
Now thou can'ſt all my Pray'rs and Vows deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a weak inglorious Prize.
I aſk not for the Tranſports thoſe poſſeſs,
Whom Thou, with ſmiling Fates, and mutual Loves doſt bleſs.
The Barb'rous, Charming Youth that rul'd my Heart,
Has taught me all thy Rigour, and thy Smart ;
Heedleſs of mine, in other Flames he burns,
And Hate, or worſe Indifference, returns.
The Joy of being Lov'd, I ne'er can prove ;
I aſk no other now, but that of Love.
Have not my Fears, and my Alarms been vain ?
How am I ſure that I have broke my Chain ?
Don't I, while I deſire, already feel the Pain?
What ſhall I do ; What Method take, to find
The true Condition of my floating Mind ?
See, while I ſpeak, the dear Ingrateful come !
His Preſence clears my Doubts and fixes all my Doom;

I view the lovely Swain ; his Sight inſpires
Soft melting Thoughts, and raging fierce Deſires,
And all my Soul conceives the well-known Fires.
Welcome, ye boundleſs Griefs and racking Pains !
Welcome, ye ne'er-to-be forgotten Chains !
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror and Deſpair,
Studious I'll feed the dear diſtracting Care,
And thank Thee, Gracious Love, who well haſt heard my Pray'r.

N. B. Theſe two Poems were Tranſlated Paraphraſtically, from the *French* Originals of Mademoiſelle DES HOULIERS, by Mr. ROWE.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Thomas Rowe, Eſq;

IN what ſoft Language ſhall my Thoughts get free,
My dear *Alexis!* when I talk of Thee?
Ye Muſes, Graces, all ye gentle Train
Of weeping Loves, aſſiſt the penſive Strain.
But why ſhould I implore your moving Art?
'Tis but to ſpeak the Dictates of my Heart:
And all that knew the charming Youth will join
Their friendly Sighs, and pious Tears to mine.

For all that knew his Merit, muſt confeſs,
In Grief for him there can be no Exceſs;
His Soul was form'd to act each glorious Part
Of Life, unſtain'd with Vanity or Art;
No Thought within his gen'rous Mind had Birth,
But what he might have own'd to Heaven and Earth:
Practis'd by him each Virtue grew more bright,
And ſhone with more than its own native Light.
Whatever noble Warmth could recommend
The Juſt, the Active, and the conſtant Friend,
Was all his own; but O! a dearer Name,
And ſofter Tyes, my endleſs Sorrow Claim.
Loſt in Deſpair, diſtracted and forlorn,
The Lover I, and tender Husband mourn.
Whate'er to ſuch ſuperior Worth was due,
Whate'er Exceſs the fondeſt Paſſion knew,
I felt for thee, dear Youth; my Joys, my Care,
My Prayers themſelves were Thine, and only where
Thou waſt concern'd, my Virtue was ſincere.

Whene'er

Whene'er I begg'd for Bleſſings on thy Head,
Nothing was Cold or Formal that I ſaid.
My warmeſt Vows to Heav'n were made for thee,
And Love ſtill mingled with my Piety.
O! thou waſt all my Glory, all my Pride;
Thro' Life's uncertain Paths my conſtant Guide.
Regardleſs of the World, to gain thy Praiſe
Was all that cou'd my juſt Ambition raiſe.

Why has my Heart this fond Engagement known,
Or why has Heav'n diſſolv'd the Tye ſo ſoon?
Why was the charming Youth ſo form'd to move?
Or why was all my Soul ſo turn'd for Love?
But Virtue here a vain Defence had made,
Where ſo much Worth and Eloquence cou'd plead.
For he could talk——'twas Extaſy to hear,
'Twas Joy, 'twas Harmony to ev'ry Ear:
Eternal Muſic dwelt upon his Tongue,
Soft and tranſporting as the Muſes Song.
Liſt'ning to him, my Cares were charm'd to Reſt,
And Love and ſilent Rapture fill'd my Breaſt;

Unheeded,

Unheeded, the gay Moments took their Flight,
And Time was only meaſur'd by Delight.
I hear the lov'd, the melting Accent ſtill,
And ſtill the warm, the tender Tranſport feel:
Again I ſee the ſprightly Paſſions riſe,
And Life and Pleaſure kindle in his Eyes.
My Fancy paints him now with ev'ry Grace,
But ah! the dear Reſemblance mocks my fond Embrace;
The flatt'ring Viſion takes its haſty Flight,
And Scenes of Horror ſwim before my Sight.
Grief and Deſpair in all their Terrors riſe;
A dying Lover pale and gaſping lies.
Each diſmal Circumſtance appears in View,
The fatal Object is for ever New;
His Anguiſh with the quickeſt Senſe I feel,
And hear this ſad, this moving Language ſtill.
My deareſt Wife! my laſt, my fondeſt Care!
Sure Heav'n for Thee, will hear a dying Prayer:
Be Thou the Charge of ſacred Providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind Defence;

Ten thouſand ſmiling Bleſſings crown thy Head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the Dead:
Think on thy Vows; be to my Mem'ry juſt,
My future Fame and Honour are thy Truſt.
From all Engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring Soul with Thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding Heart can tell;
Which does, like mine, the Pangs of Parting feel.
But haſte to meet me on the happy Plains,
Where mighty Love in endleſs Triumph reigns.
He ceas'd, then gently yielded up his Breath,
And fell a blooming Sacrifice to Death.
But O! what Words, what Numbers can expreſs,
What Thought conceive, the Height of my Diſtreſs.
Why did they tear me from thy breathleſs Clay?
I ſhould have ſtay'd and wept my Life away.
Yet, gentle Shade! whether thou now doſt rove,
Thro' ſome bleſt Vale, or ever-verdant Grove,
One Moment liſten to my Grief, and take
The ſofteſt Vows that ever Love can make.

For

For Thee, all thoughts of Pleaſure I forego,
For Thee my Tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow;
For Thee at once I from the World retire,
To feed in ſilent Shades a hopeleſs Fire.
My Boſom all thy Image ſhall retain,
The full Impreſſion there, ſhall ſtill remain:
As Thou haſt taught my tender Heart to prove
The nobleſt Height, and Elegance of Love;
That ſacred Paſſion I to Thee confine,
My ſpotleſs Faith ſhall be for ever Thine.

ELIZ. ROWE.

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